


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE



January
1929

TCNO
ROCK SPRINGS
RELIANCE
WINTON
SUPERIOR
CHANNA
CUMBERLAND

A monthly publica-
tion devoted to the
interests of the Em-
ployees of The Union
Pacific Coal Compa-
ny and Washington
Union Coal Company



WESTMINSTER ABBEY
The West Door

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

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Westminster Abbey

In London, England --- Tradition Says Began in 605-610
The Burial Place of an Empire's Great, England's Hall of Fame

By Jessie McDiarmid

WE ASKED permission to consider this ancient abbey which holds first place in the hearts of Englishmen and stands on the bank of the Thames in London, just across from the British Parliament buildings, because we spent several short hours in it once. But could we really know Westminster Abbey, we'd know the history of Great Britain, her poets, priests and potentates; and we'd go back to Roman history and read its pages; and to the histories of the countries of Europe, related and interwoven; and to Africa and her great Livingstone; and to the Orient and the Islands of the Sea—yes, and forward to the history of our United States recorded there.

Perhaps it is a good beginning—that we learn what of particular American direct interest there is for us. It was there we were first introduced to the Abbey as an elderly Scottish gentleman, a one-time member of Parliament who was doing his bit by guiding parties of on-leave American World War soldiers through it, drew our attention to the great Americans that have been immortalized in this Old World "miracle of architecture," the Hall of Fame of an Empire. Nor did our elderly guide stop with the more direct interests, but carried the historical points of contact into our tour in a way that showed him a student of American history and development as well as that of Britain. Even now as we think of him, we acknowledge ourselves still in his debt and honor a man whom we felt was giving, as surely as was any war hero, his best to a common cause.

The most recent memorial to a son of America is that of Walter Hines Page which is a tablet just outside the chapter house and reads:

To the glory of God and in memory of

WALTER HINES PAGE
1855—1918

Ambassador of the United States
of America to the Court of St. James

The Friend of England in her sorest need.

Above this memorial to Walter Hines Page is the James Russell Lowell memorial and it is interesting to note that Lowell, like Page, is remembered because he, too, was an ambassador to the Court of St. James and not only because he was a great American poet. In addition to the Lowell tablet there is a memorial window. The inscription reads:

This tablet and the window above
were placed here in memory of
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
United States Minister at the Court
of St. James from 1880 to 1885,
By his English friends.

Then there is the memorial to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet interpreter of America; and one to George Peabody, philanthropist, who did much in England to help the poor in the way universal thinking agreed at that time they should be helped.

Another memorial that interests many, many Americans is the one to John and Charles Wesley. It is a beautiful marble plaque carved in relief, showing John Wesley preaching to a crowd of people. Above this plaque, also carved in white stone, are the profiles of these two founders of Methodism.

Below the profiles and the preaching scene are three inscriptions, notable sayings of John Wesley and now maxims of the American Methodist Church.

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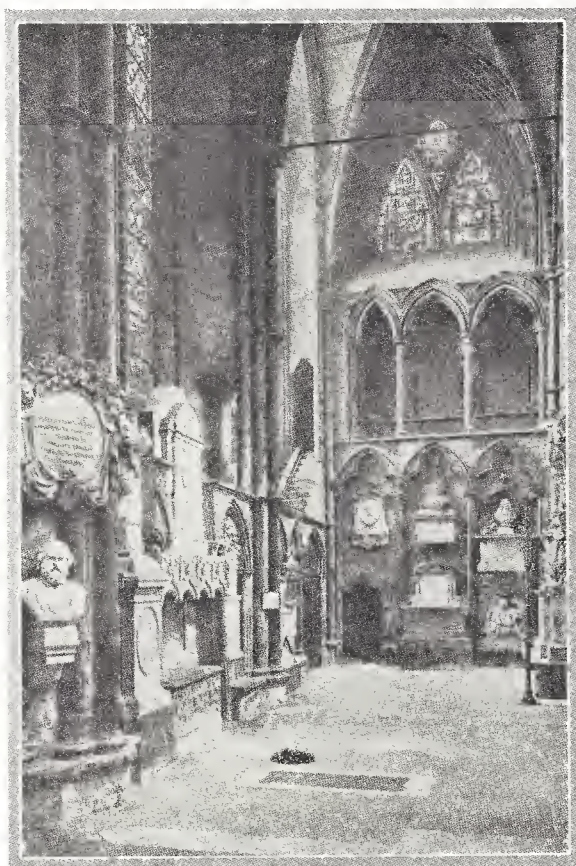
Jessie McDiarmid, Editor.

"The best of all is, God is with us."
 "I look upon all the world as my parish."
 "God buries His workmen but carries on his work."

To thousands of Americans, fellow countrymen of the great man who said, "And that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," one of the most sacred shrines in the abbey is the chapter house where the first assembly of the common people, the first representative parliament, convened in 1265.

And few of our generation would fail to stop beside the memorial to the British Unknown Soldier who was buried in the abbey just as an American Unknown Soldier was buried at Washington. General John J. Pershing represented this country at the ceremony and laid on the grave a Congressional Medal from the United States, which now hangs on a stone pillar as a part of the memorial. The last sentence of the inscription which appears in carved letters on the black marble slab quarried from one of the Belgian battlefields and covering the grave is:

"They buried him among the Kings because he hath done good toward God and toward his home."



Poet's Corner.

And on the four sides of the memorial are these verses from the Bible:

"In Christ shall all be made alive."
 "Unknown and yet well known."
 "Dying and behold we live."
 "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

And now what of the cathedral itself, dare we try to encompass its twelve hundred years of religious and historical significance, its stones replaced constantly one by one, in the short space we may use for it? Not in many volumes and many months of study. Obviously, we may only take a brief look at it, recall its history which rises in tradition and then pick our way carefully as we walk in its transepts and nave, its chapels and archways, full of statues, tablets and memorials to England's great. It has the aspect to New World visitors of being cluttered up and demanding constant appeals to memory to replace forgotten portions of history as we are arrested by the significant and startling at every step. Nor are our hearts left untouched as we find memorials to friends of history and story and hero-worshipping school days. We well remember wandering away from our guide and coming on to the reclining figures of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, life size and in white marble, and feeling that here were friends of our own among the ancients. Then, having gone to look at the Coronation Chain, we found the Scottish Stone of Scone and remembered the old prophecy:

"If fates go right, where'er this stone is found
 The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned."

This stone, Scottish tradition declares to be the identical stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel. We are not told how it got to Scotland—unless the lost tribes took it with them—but it is true that upon it the kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries, and, so that Scottish royal tradition could be added to that of England, it was used when James I of Scotland was crowned first King of Great Britain. Now it is attached to the coronation chain by clamps of iron—the crown jewels of Scotland, however, remain in Edinburg Castle. But that's another story.

According to tradition, the first church on the site of Westminster Abbey was built between the years 605 and 610 by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and was consecrated by St. Peter himself, who suddenly appeared for the purpose. Being built on the west side of the City of London, it was called the "West Minster" to distinguish it from the church of St. Paul. Then in the time of St. Dunstan (960) we find a Benedictine Monastery established. Edward the Confessor is, however, usually regarded as the founder of the church. He was crowned in the abbey as has been every English monarch since, with the exception of Edward V who died before his coronation day.

The abbey has been the growth of centuries. In the main, the present building is the work of Henry III, who pulled down all the eastern part of the Confessor's church. The western portions were added at various periods between 1340 and 1483. The north and west cloisters, and the Jerusalem Chamber were built by Abbot Litlington in the reign of Edward III. The magnificent chapel which bears his name was added by Henry VII between 1502 and 1512. The towers at the western end were added in 1738-9, it is believed from designs by Hawksmoor, one of Wren's pupils. The central tower, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, is still wanting, and ever since the seventeenth century masons have been at work replacing stone by stone the decayed portions of the exterior—with the result that externally, "the church is a copy, not by any means faithful, of the original."

And still, even architecturally it has a magnificence and splendor of pure English Gothic (early) that satisfies any demand for absoluteness of grandeur. It is built in the form of a Latin cross with, however, the choir extending beyond the transepts almost to the middle of the nave.

It is usually entered by the door in the North Transept, close to St. Margaret's Church and here in the North Transept is Statemen's Isle. Here are monuments to W. E. Gladstone and Disraeli and we may stop a moment to remember, and then pass on to the Bunyan Memorial Window representing scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress and of interest to Christendom.

Among the memorials to scientists we notice that of Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Charles Darwin; and presently a row of memorial windows commemorating famous engineers.

In the Poets' Corner, famous throughout the English speaking world, are uncounted things of interest. Comparatively few of the writers and bards are actually buried in the abbey but there are memorials and busts and tablets and windows to authors of English poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson and Ruskin. The tomb of Chaucer (1400) from which the corner "derives the origin of its peculiar glory" stands beneath a stained glass window, representing scenes from the immortal "Pilgrimage." He was buried here not as a poet, but because he happened to be Clerk of the Works at Westminster. And we may pay tribute to busts of Browning and Tennyson and Shakespeare; and Scottish Burns and American Longfellow. We may see the Rose Window and the Royal Tombs, so many of them.

An unusual romantic interest is attached to the Jerusalem Chamber, taking its name from the tapestries with which it is decorated. Here Henry IV died in 1413 on the eve of starting for the Holy Land thus fulfilling the prophecy that he would die in Jerusalem (Shakespeare's "Henry IV").

Nor can we stop without a mention of Westminster Boys' School whose students have their morning prayers in one of the abbey chapels and, our boy

readers will be interested to know, are the originators of "Pancake Tuesday," the custom of tossing the pancake taking place annually on Shrove Tuesday, the boy who succeeds in getting the largest piece being rewarded with a guinea by the Dean.

We have not followed a usual or consecutive route but have touched bits about Westminster Abbey of England—and another month we will transfer our attention to a great cathedral of another country.

Run of the Mine

Why Did "Crusader" Thompson Come to Southern Wyoming?

FOR the past several weeks Mr. Freeman Thompson has honored Rock Springs and the southern Wyoming coal field with his gifted presence; coming as one anxious to save the mine workers from their Union, the road to salvation suggested that of ceasing to pay dues into the U. M. W. of A., signing up with Mr. Thompson instead. We would hesitate to impugn Mr. Thompson's financial integrity, even though Acting Secretary George Mercer of the Illinois mine workers organization states that he still owes Local Union No. 731, at Springfield, Illinois, \$323.77, which he promised to restore to the Local back in 1918. Mr. Thompson is entitled to plead that the statute of limitation runs against the collection of a debt ten years old, and it was rather unkind of Mr. Fontecchio to bring up the question of an alleged defalcation when Mr. Thompson was busy working for the betterment of the miners in general.

Granting, therefore, that this gentleman is possessed of all the knightly qualities of a real "Crusader," we are still given to wonder why he selected the southern Wyoming coal field as the one best place to help humanity. Ordinarily, when a reformer starts out to reform something he picks out the worst spot he can find, cleaning things up as he goes, always striving to bring the bad conditions up to the standard of those above.

It is a fact that there are coal fields that pay a wage only approximately fifty or sixty per cent of that paid in Wyoming, where the opportunities for reasonable working time are much poorer, and where the living conditions are infinitely worse than they are in the west. As we do not enjoy "Crusader" Thompson's confidence we are at a loss to understand why this generous reformer insists on neglecting the \$3.50 to \$4.50 per day wage districts to brave a Wyoming winter, where the net average daily wage received by all classes of mine workers ranged in October, from \$7.12 to \$13.40 per day of 8 hours, and where net monthly earnings ranged from \$183.06 to \$341.03 for the

month. Certainly as erudite a student of labor economics as Mr. Thompson has not failed to acquaint himself with the recent senatorial investigation of the mining industry, an investigation covering conditions in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio and containing many bitter stories of wrongs pleading for righting.

The only reasonable explanation that can be offered for Mr. Thompson leaving Local Union No. 731, in the Illinois coal field, is that he just naturally exhausted the coal digging job and has taken to "gold digging," and of course any well informed "gold digger," whether of the male or female persuasion, naturally drifts to where the digging should at least be good. That is why "Crusader" Thompson came to Wyoming; the end result of his "digging" activities that of costing certain individuals who do not know when they are well off in their jobs. Thompson will pass out of the Wyoming coal field picture just as thousands of other reformers have passed out; they never stay long in one place but are ever on the hunt for the kind of individual of which Barnum once said, "there is one born every minute."

The I. W. W. Handbook

THE "Wobblies" as they like to call themselves, advertise for sale a handbook for "The coal miners of the world." This pretentious pamphlet sells for a quarter and it tells the whole story of coal. From the fact that the statistical information dates back to 1920, we infer that it is not a "just up to date" booklet but it will do.

The first thing we find in this pamphlet is a cut, captioned "The Industrial Siamese Twins." In the background a man, presumably a mine worker, sits on a building labeled "mine"; in front of him are the words "Nary a lump?" In the foreground a trainman, presumably a brakeman is reading a newspaper, the headlines reading "Industrial Solidarity. Strike, Miners and Railroad Men." In front of this gentleman is blazoned the reply "—No! and nary a car either!!"

Good stuff! That was tried out in 1922 between the coal miners in certain sections and the railway shop crafts, and still the world wagged on, the only serious and lasting result being the almost complete extinction of the old Railway Shop Unions and a badly depleted Mine Workers Union. In the light of what happened in 1922 the editor should at least withdraw the illustration from his book.

We will pass the preface, turning to the preamble. Under the heading "What Say the Wobblies" we reproduce the first and second paragraphs of this document. Along side of the above we reproduce a statement headed "A Non-Wobblies' Opinion." We can each take our choice of doctrine. As the principles set forth are as far apart as the poles they need not be confounded.

What Say the Wobblies

The working class and the employment class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

A Non-Wobblies' Opinion

All the wild ideas of unbalanced agitators the world over in their ignorant and pitiable quest for happiness through revolution, confiscation of property, and crime, cannot overthrow the eternal truth that the one route to happiness through property or government is the broad and open highway of service. And service always means industry, thrift, respect for authority and recognition of the rights of others.

Following the preamble comes much about the origin of coal, all lifted from some high school treatise on coal geology. On page 29 we find an advertisement for a book sold by the I. W. W.'s which reads:

"The staggering story of how the wealth of 'our best families' came into existence by a series of crimes of this kind is told in great detail, with innumerable reference to public documents, in a work entitled 'History of the Great American Fortunes' by Gustavus Myers, covering about 1,100 pages in 3 volumes. This great work, containing the basic knowledge of American economic history without which the present cannot be properly understood, is sold by the I. W. W. Anyone who wishes to know how 'the boss' got his original accumulation and how this accumulation grew into hundreds of millions and into billions of dollars, had better write for these volumes."

Thereafter follows a long diatribe against the coal industry and the railroads, which includes the following reference to southern Wyoming:

"The coal-miners of Wyoming are largely controlled by the Union Pacific Railway, again leading us to Wall Street. Some Finnish coal-miners in Wyoming some years ago secured the Sampo mine, near Hanna, Wyo., and started a co-operative coal mine. But they soon had to shut down, and the mine is still idle. The Union Pacific Railway refused to furnish cars for hauling the coal. This is a good example of what has happened to the 'poor' operator. He does hardly exist any longer. He is a myth, a sawdust-filled dummy with which to catch the sympathy of 'the public.'"

Page after page of government figures now eight years old, relating to production, etc., are reproduced, then we get some new dope on mine explosions and then comes the *piece de resistance* which is French for "a solid joint":

"Organize a branch of the Coal-Mine Workers' Industrial Union No. 200 whenever and wherever possible. It does not matter if the branch is small at first. It will grow bigger soon. If the pressure from the operators' side is too great to organize openly, do it 'on the quiet.' If you cannot do that, get a delegate's credential yourself, to transact business for the I. W. W., and locate some more capable and trustworthy fellow workers to help you by also taking out such credentials. The more delegates on the job, the quicker will be the success.

"In the meantime do what you can as an 'outlaw' inside the old union. We do not want you to lose your bread, as the leaders intended you should when they adopted the 'outlaw' amendment. The bread is not very big at this time, anyhow, and what little there is, is bitter, but if you lose your job at the mine, your usefulness as a delegate and organizer is at an end. Proceed prudently and stay by it. You have two enemies from the start, the operators and the reactionary union leaders. You have got to make friends right under their noses. Do not spoil your chances by brass band tactics. But you are the best judge yourself what tactics are best in your locality.

"The idea is to try to get the miners to accept our principles and discard their old leadership."

We repeat what has been said so often before, "the tragedy lies in the hardships that the unthinking followers of these errant 'gold diggers' bring down on themselves and their families by the loss of their employment."

The Still Small Voice

THAT the human conscience may lie fallow for years and thereafter be roused into action was well brought out in a letter that recently came to the Union Pacific Coal Company's general offices and

written by an ex-employee who left the company's service several years ago. With the letter came a bank check, "to pay for material taken from the coal company's premises."

The letter addressed to the General Manager then in charge of the property, after explaining the circumstances under which the material was taken, goes on to say:

"I am sorry to have done anything like that and so far as I now know, this was the only dishonest thing I did while employed by you. A number of years ago I had the good fortune to become just a plain Christian; this accounts for my apparent honesty."

Though we are living in a doubting age it is comforting to know that the influence and teaching of the humble Nazarene yet penetrates the hearts and souls of humankind, and this man, whose offense was infinitely more trivial than many committed almost daily by some of us, displayed a fine measure of courage in making the frank confession contained in his letter.

Relative Rate of Growth of Coal, Oil and Water Power

THE U. S. Bureau of Mines recently completed a special report on the rate of growth of the three principal sources of power, coal, oil and gas, and water, that is very informative. In order to effect a proper comparison the energy equivalent in British thermal units for each of the three elements were calculated. The figures submitted by the Bureau cover the period 1819 to 1926 inclusive, 108 years, the industrial life period of the nation.

In 1819 coal represented the only power making fuel used, the amount of water power used was very small, grist mills the principal users. We need but take the figures for 1918, the last year of the Great War, as a basis of comparison with 1927, to find that coal consumption as a power maker has shrunk, while oil and water power has grown rapidly.

	1918	1927
Consumption of coal in trillions of B. t. u.'s bituminous and anthracite	17,868	15,744
Consumption of oil and gas in trillions of B. t. u.'s...	3,137	7,311
Consumption of water power in equivalent trillions of B. t. u.'s.....	837	1,687
Total energy produced in trillions of B. t. u.'s.....	21,842	24,742

The total per cent of energy created increased 13 per cent between 1918 and 1927. Coal, however, fell off 12 per cent while gas and oil increased 133 per cent, and water power increased 102 per cent.

The percentage of energy created by the fuels, coal with oil and gas combined, in 1927, as compared with 1918, are illuminating. These figures show that while King Coal still keeps in the lead as a creator of energy, he has left his end of the double-tree slip back to oil and gas since 1918.

	1918	1927
Per cent of energy created by coal	85.1	68.3
Per cent of energy created by oil and gas	14.9	31.7
Total	100.00	100.0

The data for water power for the years 1918 and 1927 are not included in the above, and while water power is yet but a negligible source of energy in the United States, the per cent of such to fuel created energy grew from 4.0 per cent in 1918 to 7.3 per cent in 1927. Much of the power created by oil is absorbed by the automobile, the truck and other users of gas engines, and oil fuel for business and residence use has grown materially in recent years.

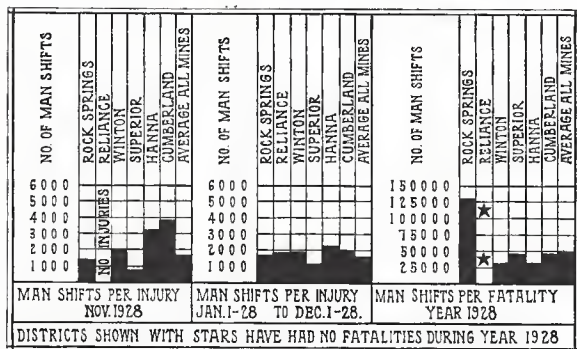
No more startling evidence of the change in the measure of coal used in certain industries can be found than that which has taken place in the use of fuel at the mines. In 1918 the mine fuel used totaled 12,521,446 tons, in 1926 the consumption had dropped to 5,727,852 tons, and advance figures for 1927 indicate a total mine fuel consumption of but 4,930,394 tons.

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Make It Safe

November Accident Graph



It has been a decidedly bad month, the worst probably in the last four years. While the total number of accidents is less than for October and the average number of man-shifts slightly more, in the above total of 26 accidents are three fatalities, one each at Winton, Rock Springs and Superior.

The total man-shifts of labor performed in all six districts during November was approximately 43,000. There were twenty-six accidents reported, twenty-three non-fatal and three fatalities, making the total for all districts 1,648 man-shifts per accident.

Reliance heads the list for the month with no reportable accidents while Superior is again at the foot with eleven accidents and an average of only 791 man-shifts for each accident, less than one-half the average for the other five districts.

The majority of these accidents are preventable. That preventable accidents can be decreased has been proven. In coal mines they result largely from injuries from machines, conveyors and other mechanical devices; accidents due to cars, motors, etc., and from falls of roof and coal. In the main they occur from recklessness of the individual worker directly at the working face. These accidents did not just "happen." They were caused by some kind of failure—machine, material or man failure.

Can't we do something to stop these "failures"?

General Rules and Precautions to be Observed in the Use and Handling of Explosives

Don't—

- use more than three sticks of permissible explosive in any one hole.
- force a cartridge into a hole.
- slit the cartridge and tamp tight as this is detrimental to the cushioning effect.
- ever tamp with an iron bar. Use wood bars only.
- hurry in seeking the explanation of a missed shot.
- drill, bore or pick out a charge which has failed to explode, but drill and charge another borehole at a safe distance from the missed one.
- carry blasting caps or electric detonators in your pocket.
- try to withdraw the wires from an electric blasting cap.
- keep electric blasting caps, or blasting machines in a damp place.
- leave the leading wires connected to the blasting machine. Disconnect them immediately if it becomes

necessary to return to the shot.

—RETURN TO ANY MISSED SHOT UNDER A 20-MINUTE INTERVAL.

—loop or tie the wire connections. Scrape the ends of the wires clean and bright and twist them tightly together.

—fail to twist the bared ends of electric detonator leg wires together at the outside of the mine, and keep them so until just before firing, then untwist them and connect them to the firing lines.

—drag the leading wires around. Always coil them up and carry them.

—insert electric blasting cap in cartridge carelessly. Have closed end of the detonator pointing toward the bulk of the cartridge.

—store or transport electric blasting caps with high explosives.

—worry along with old, broken leading wire or connecting wire.

—operate blasting machines half-heartedly. They are built to operate with full force. They must be kept clean and dry.

—shoot from the trolley wire.

The Toll of a Hazardous Occupation

The November hoodoo seems to have carried over for another year, for during this month three fatalities occurred in the Union Pacific mines. Unlike last year when one accident took two lives, all three deaths this year were due to separate accidents and in different mines.

While engaged in pulling panel stumps in "E" Mine, Superior, Mr. Albert Marietti was instantly killed by a fall of coal on November 2nd. In a place that had been inspected at various times during the day by the mine officials and which to all outward appearances was perfectly safe and solid, a movement of overlying strata caused a "bump" and the unfortunate man was killed.

Mr. Edward Cook, a man of many years' experience, was killed in No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, November 26th, while engaged in pulling props from an abandoned scraper room. There was nothing connected with Mr. Cook's sad death that could in any way be classified as carelessness on the part of either the company or the unfortunate victim.

Mr. Joseph Liddel, a machine runner in No. 7 Mine, Winton, was injured November 27th, when a large piece of face coal rolled from the face and caused injuries that resulted in his death two weeks later. The face from which this fall was to all appearance solid and with no overhanging coal, and soundings a few minutes previously disclosed no looseness, but, without warning, it fell.

In each and every case noted above the man was an old and experienced employe and with enviable reputations for ability and carefulness, but nevertheless they met their deaths in accidents that to all intents are unavoidable and from circumstances over which neither they nor their employers had any control.

Such cases as these unhappily bring home more forcibly the fact that coal mining is a tremendously hazardous occupation. With all the care and precaution that can be used, many of the accidents cannot and never will be entirely eliminated but the number of accidents can be reduced.

It is the preventable accident, the one due to carelessness or lack of foresight that we must try to prevent. Careless thinking, the tombstone of most accidents, is a deep-seated evil and it can only be rooted out by constant vigilance.

Another Appreciation of First Aid

Kemmerer, Wyoming

Editor, Employees' Magazine,
Union Pacific Coal Co.,
Rock Springs, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—

Will you please allow space in your magazine for a word of praise for two men who belong to the Cumberland First Aid team?

On Sunday, August 12th, there was a picnic being held at the County Bridge and while the older members present were enjoying themselves at racing and other sports, there were some children swimming in the river nearby.

A boy, about 12 years of age, who was wading, fell into a deep hole and had gone down twice when these two men, who were passing in their car, plunged into the river fully dressed and brought the boy to safety.

They removed the water from his lungs and gave artificial respiration, and in about twenty minutes had the boy on his way home with his parents.

Without changing their clothes, they got into their car and returned to Cumberland. I did not learn their names, but I heard them addressed as "Charlie" and "Jack." It is possible that you may learn the names of these men and give them the word of praise that they richly deserve.

Had this boy been left to the writer's care he would have surely died as I am entirely ignorant of First Aid training and methods, but these two men undoubtedly did good work.

FROM A CITIZEN OF KEMMERER.

November Accidents

Miner—FATAL—Working in pillar. Roof was apparently good and soundings at various times during shift showed it to be solid. Large piece of roof rock was discharged by "bump" killing miner instantly. It was an unavoidable accident.

Prop-puller—FATAL—Was removing props in an abandoned mechanical scraper room. He was in the act of under-mining a prop when the roof above him gave way, pinning him and killing him instantly. This was another unavoidable accident.

Miner—Was lifting a piece of coal in the room chute. A piece of coal came down the chute, striking his hand and bruising thumb.

Miner—Was drawing room pillar. A small piece of cap rock fell, causing scalp laceration and bruised back.

Loader—Was dropping a loaded car from face of room to entry. Car derailed and he was struck on chest, receiving contusion.

Tippleman—Was coupling cars on tipple and was squeezed between two empty cars.

Loader—Was shovelling coal at face. A piece of coal rolled from face, striking him and causing a fracture of left leg.

Timberman—While engaged at duties of timberman, piece of top rock fell, severely bruising fingers of right hand.

Inside Laborer—Using pick at coal face. Small piece of coal flew from pick point, striking him in eye and causing corneal ulcer.

Miner—Hernia, presumably caused from lifting upon car.

Conveyor Man—Lagging between timbers broke, permitting coal to fall and causing contusions of arm.

Rope-runner—Was pulling a derailed car on the track. Car rode over the rail and his foot was caught against the water pipe.

Conveyor Man—Was digging bottom coal near end of "duckbill." Piece of top coal fell, knocking him into ratchet drive and causing contusions of back.

Miner—Was pulling down loose top coal. It fell unexpectedly and he was unable to get into clear, receiving contusions of back and fractured rib.

Machine Helper—Was helping pull cutting machine on pan. His hand was caught between jack-pipe and chain, lacerating second and third fingers of left hand.

Tippleman—While trying to pull bale of hay from railroad car to truck, fell from truck and received fractured rib.

Miner—Was coupling two loaded cars. Cars came together and he was squeezed through the shoulders.

Stone Mason—With another employe, was carrying heavy timber. He stepped on rail and slipped, timber falling on foot, causing severe contusions.

New Cascade Tunnel Built in Three Years

Eight-Mile Bore in Washington Is Longest in Country—
To Be Finished by January 12.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 7.—All world records for speed in railroad tunnel construction are being broken by the completion in three years of America's longest railway tunnel, the new Cascade mountain bore of the Great Northern railway in Washington.

The eight-mile tunnel will be finished by January 12, shattering by two years the best previous time for a project of similar magnitude. The Moffat Tunnel in Colorado, nearly two miles shorter, required four and a half years for completion.

Four European tunnels, three of which are only slightly longer than the Cascade, were constructed in from seven to fourteen years. Adding to the accomplishment in Washington is the fact that the new tunnel has been lined with concrete. Neither the Moffat nor the four European tunnels were finished with concrete walls.

Ingenious devices were used to drive through the passageway in the time allotted the contractors by the railway. Work was started from both ends and a 622-foot shaft was sunk to intercept the path of the tunnel two and a half miles from the east entrance. From this shaft drilling was started toward both ends, and these four primary points of attack were augmented further by a temporary parallel tunnel run from the shaft to the west portal, five and a half miles away.

From the pioneer bore, cross-cuts were constructed into the large tunnel to gain access to the main route at several places and keep work going at a number of points.

The project cost approximately \$14,000,000 and was a part of a \$25,000,000 improvement program of the Great Northern in the Cascades. It shortens the line eight miles, lowers the summit elevation 502 feet and eliminates six miles of snow sheds.

Coincident with the excavation the railroad relocated twenty miles of track, and the entire seventy-five miles through the Cascades will be changed from steam to electric operation. The entire project will enable the road to shorten the running time of passenger trains through the mountains by one hour. Freight schedules will be reduced three hours.—*New York Times*.

Charity

"For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

He gave with a zest and he gave his best;
Give him the best to come."

Thus sang Joaquin Miller and thus have sung poets of many ages. Thus taught Confucius, Christ, Socrates; every philosopher whose words and philosophy have lived beyond their own day. Thus has taught every organization whose tenure of existence has extended beyond the generation in which it was born. And thus have lived, if not all the individuals whose memory has lived, most certainly the individual whose memory is kept the greenest. Worth thinking about isn't it on this New Year's Day.

Engineering Department

Geology of Coal

By C. E. Swann

[The "Geology of Coal," prepared by Chief Engineer Swann from extracts from publications by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company in two parts, treats of the vegetable origin of coal and the various theories put forth to explain the manner in which plants were accumulated: Climate of the Carboniferous Age: Formation of Anthracite coals: Cannel coal: Erosion of the coal measures: Correlation of coal seams, etc. Part II will appear in our February issue.]

PART I.

THE science of geology offers few problems more attractive than a study of the formation of our vast coal deposits. The methods which Nature used in storing away in the innermost folds of the earth such inconceivable amounts of energy as represented by our fuel beds are not entirely clear, although patient research on the part of geologists, botanists, chemists and experts on fossil life have revealed some of the processes by which these wonderful accumulations of mineral wealth have been brought about.

That there is a lack of unanimity of opinion on some phases is not surprising. Investigators are generally agreed on the fundamental conceptions, such as, for instance, coal being the remains of vegetation, that the deposition of this vegetation took place in remote ages and that the original deposits have since been subjected to the modifying influences of time, heat and pressure. On other phases there are decided variances of opinion, thus, the manner in which the masses of vegetation accumulated: whether it be vegetation which grew in situ (grown where coal deposits occur) or whether it consisted of drifted material: whether the vegetation of the carboniferous period was massive or whether small: whether all coal beds, be they lignite or anthracite, began as peat deposits: how devolatilization of anthracite seams was brought about: the length of time required for the formation of coal beds, etc. These details have all produced opinions more or less in conflict.

It is not the purpose of this article to make an exhaustive investigation of the various theories advanced to account for the phenomena attending the formation of coal. Reference, therefore, will be made only to those views which find support among present-day investigators.

Coal Formation Periods

Most of the important coal beds in the United States were deposited during the great carboniferous age. During this period an amazing growth of luxurious vegetations, consisting of ferns, reeds, horse tails, club mosses and evergreens, all bearing a family likeness to certain kinds of plants that flourish today, was everywhere to be seen. Not only was vegetation abundant, but according to some writers, it grew to great size. Ferns ranged in size from the smallest species up to the great tree-ferns. The plant known to geologists as calamites, which somewhat resembles the modern horsetails, grew to the size of trees, almost a hundred feet in height. The modern cycad was simulated by plants that were intermediate in appearance between tree ferns and palms. Somewhat like the ground pine, but much larger in size, was the lepidodendron which grew in great profusion. Club mosses raised their slender height more than fifty feet above the soil, in fact all vegetation grew to immoderate heights. The belief in inordinately sized vegetation is not shared by all, those who dissent relying upon the fossil plants to prove that the vegetation existing during the coal-formation periods was similar to that now upon the globe.

During all this time there were no signs of human, mam-

mal or bird life for the reason that no creature with lungs could have breathed the deadly carbon dioxide with which the air was saturated and have lived. Fossil remains tell us, however, that fish, mollusks, crustaceans, reptiles and insects were plentiful. The atmosphere was heavily charged with moisture and everywhere the climate was mild.

While the great bulk of American coal production comes from seams of carboniferous age, later formations are also represented in our annual output. Thus coal of Triassic Age is mined in a small section of North Carolina, while that of Jurassic age is available in Alaska. The Upper Cretaceous is the period during which the coals of western North America were laid down, although the Tertiary is also present as shown by the lignites and some of the coals of subbituminous ranks. The Wyoming coals occur in the Cretaceous Formation.

The quality of coals formed in different eras varies considerably, but the most valuable seams are always met within the carboniferous formation, and it is noticeable that in countries where coals of various ages occur, the carboniferous coals are always given the preference, even though less accessible than the coals of the later formations. Coals of Jurassic, Cretaceous and Tertiary ages are generally of low grade, soft, lignitic, and when of high grade owe their superiority to local circumstances. They are chiefly mined in those countries, or in sections of the country, in which the Palaeozoic coals are absent.

Theories of Formation

We are now ready to inquire into the methods that Nature used in collecting these enormous masses of vegetation which later were to be metamorphosed into our productive coal beds of today. There is no point connected with coal which has been more discussed, some geologists holding that coal has resulted from vegetation which grew in the place where coal is now found, others that plants were drifted to great distances and deposited at the mouths of rivers. The former belief is called the "in situ" or "peat bog" theory, the latter the "drift" or "estuary" theory.

The In Situ or Peat Bog Theory

The adherents to this theory tell us that during the coal formation periods there were long stretches of country in which the moist cool climate of the low ground encouraged the profuse growth of plants and trees. A present day example of this condition is the Dismal Swamp of Virginia and North Carolina where enormous masses of decaying vegetation have been accumulating through hundreds of years. Such a deposit is known as a peat bog. An examination of peat shows it to consist of a carboniferous material, usually fibrous to woody in form and varying in color from light brown to black. Its carbonaceous nature is attributable to the well-known fact that plant life is sustained by carbon dioxide derived from the atmosphere. The fall of leaf, limb, plant or tree, therefore, transfers to earth the carbonaceous matter which the original plant life extracted from the air, when exposed to atmospheric conditions, such fallen vegetation meets with complete disintegration, but if it falls into water and is submerged, as happens in swamps, the oxidation of the carbon is largely prevented. Thus the organic matter accumulates indefinitely and forms peat bogs.

Another proof advanced in favor of the peat bog theory is the close relationship existing between certain samples of peat and some of the lignite coals. Points of similarity can also be found in comparing lignite with subbituminous coal, and in like manner each rank of coal has resemblances to the coal of the rank next below. This finding accounts for the prevalence of the "peat to anthracite" theory, anthra-



Ideal View of a Carboniferous Forest and Marsh.

cite being regarded as the most highly metamorphosed condition of the original peat deposits.

Additional arguments advanced by the believers of the in situ theory are:

1. The purity of the coal indicates the absence of sediment carriers, such as rivers, waves, tidal currents and wind-formed currents.
2. Coal, like peat, is composed of completely disorganized carbonaceous matter.
3. The almost invariable presence of fireclay underlying coal seams.
4. Stumps of trees still erect, with their roots still fixed in the fireclay.
5. Progressive increase in the carbon-hydrogen ratio in coals, thus favoring the peat to anthracite theory.

The Drift or Estuary Theory

One of the amazing facts revealed by the development of the various coal fields is the vastness of unbroken areas. The Pittsburgh seam, according to Ashley,^x is continuous throughout 6,000 square miles of territory; the seam known as No. 9 in Kentucky underlies some 25,000 square miles in this state and the neighboring states of Indiana and Illinois, all of it continuous. Visualizing peat bogs of such tremendous extent taxes the credulity of the finite mind. Another difficulty arises in accounting for the succession of strata overlying the coal beds. These consist of sandstones, shales and limestones. The first two mentioned are fresh water origin and imply an inland location; the latter is salt water formation and requires propinquity to the sea. The drift theory is depended upon to account for the immensity of coal area and also for the presence of marine strata.

According to this theory, coal fields owe their origin to enormous masses of water clogged drift deposited in estuaries, in the deeper parts primeval seas or in lakes. The fact that rivers like the Mississippi are in our time carrying

to sea vast quantities of timber and vegetal matter is cited as an example of what was happening during primeval days, only on an immensely greater scale.

Other reasons advanced for belief in the drift theory are:

1. Occurrence of coal lying immediately on igneous rocks.
2. Absence of underclay in some seams.
3. The finding of prostrate tree trunks.
4. Vegetal deposits found in deltas.
5. The stratified nature of coal seams.

In the succeeding article the combining of these theories will be taken up.

The Tesla Coil

By D. C. McKeehan

SOME of the most striking electrical phenomena are produced by the high voltage discharges of a Tesla Coil. When the high-voltage, high frequency currents were first discovered, about forty years ago by Nikola Tesla, they were of academic interest only and had little practical value, and afforded a beautiful exemplification of the principles of theoretical electricity. Today the high frequency currents are of vast commercial importance, being used in radio and for the production of artificial lightning at about a million to five million volts.

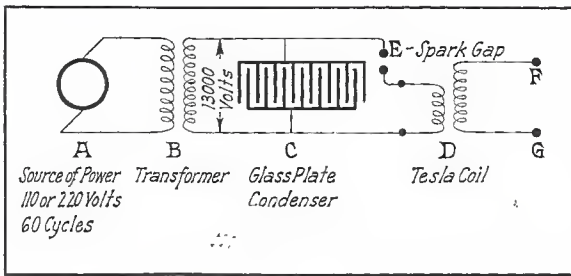
One thinks of high voltage in terms of complicated apparatus and a myriad of wires and things, however, the Tesla Coil apparatus is a very simple affair.

The accompanying diagram will serve in describing the various parts.

"A" represents the source of electric energy and may be any house-lighting circuit, having a frequency of sixty cycles per second, and of sufficient capacity at 110 or 220 volts.

"B" is a small commercial type of transformer that raises the voltage from 110 or 220 volts to about 13,000 volts.

^xG. H. Ashley, Dept. Geo. and Nat. Res. Indiana 33rd Annual Report 1909.



In some cases a large induction coil, which is quite inexpensive to make, is used.

"C" is what is termed a condenser and consists of thirteen plates of double thickness of ordinary window glass 18 inches by 24 inches. The plates are covered with tin foil on each side leaving a space of at least three inches between the edge of the glass and the tin foil. They are assembled in the rack about two inches apart.

"D" represents the Tesla Coil from which extremely high voltages may be taken at terminals "F" and "G".

"E" is an adjustable spark-gap.

The primary of the Tesla Coil consists of thirty turns of No. 0 B & S copper wire, properly coiled and slipped into a long glass container.

Surrounding the primary and about two inches removed therefrom is the secondary coil consisting of 500 turns of No. 26 B & S double cotton covered magnet wire wound upon the outside surface of a second glass jar.

The primary and secondary coils are assembled in an insulated container, preferably glass, and submerged in an insulating oil.

The reader will note that the Tesla transformer is not built with an iron core.

The terminals of the transformer "B" are highly dangerous and any wires connected with them are, of course, equally so, and should be adequately supported and securely placed and guarded beyond the range of accidental contact.

The current taken from "F" and "G" is not dangerous although the shock may be uncomfortable to the uninitiated at the point where the discharge enters their body.

The current from terminals "F" and "G" is of the magnitude of 150,000 volts and a frequency of 10,000 cycles per second.

In operating the apparatus the high voltage from transformer "B" is allowed to jump across the sphere-gap "E", which produces an oscillating current of great rapidity, in fact, varies so fast that the human nervous system fails to feel it to any great extent.

A great many experiments, such as lighting a gas jet from the finger tips at a distance of eight to ten inches is one of the common ones.

If a coil of heavy copper wire be wound eight inches in diameter with about six turns and connected across the terminals "F-G" the oscillatory current will experience considerable difficulty in traversing it. A spark gap connected around the coil will indicate a potential of several thousands volts. A few feet of No. 30 B & S magnet wire laid across will "choke back" the current and be left intact.

This is the type of apparatus often used on the vaudeville stage to show spectacular electrical effects.

Staying Where You Are—Or Going Somewhere

It was the Red Queen (in "Through the Looking Glass") who laid down a principle of getting ahead which applies to some of us today.

Alice complained that though they had been running some time they hadn't got anywhere.

"You have to run this fast to stay where you are," said Red Queen. "If you want to get somewhere you must run twice as fast."

The New Year

A New Year is here. We most often picture it, each New Year as it comes, as a beautiful cherub-like baby—brand new. And while there will probably be a tremendous lot of old things about this new year—days and weeks and months, and the same old things to be done, it still is something quite new and so we must regard it. It is something very precious and it is ours. And the experiences that will come to us during the year—and the way we deal with them—will make the year; this new breadth of stuff woven on the Loom which is ours. Its color. Its texture. Its beauty.

Or, going back to our cherub-like New Year, it, too, is ours in all its impressionableness, all its newness and freshness and loveliness. And it will be ours until we present it, next December, a completed year, to the Builder of the Age. And even then it will be ours still because we've grown with the year and its stuff has gone into our lives.

We think of the year-making which our generation does and our nation does—but we think too, of this—that what we've put into this year-making we've also put into our own characters. Wasn't it Emerson who said in one of his essays: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Repartee

Someone rises ever and anon to advise us that the art of conversation is dying; and to decry the fact that we hurry our dinners and listen to music while dining; and that we provide musical and other entertainment for our guests when we have them—thus further adding to the demise of the art of conversation. There is a vast difference between the qualities that make for good conversation and those that make for clever repartee but perhaps the same conditions are conducive to the development of both. In any case it is worth remembering that conversation is an art and to remember some of the famous bon mots in the way of clever retorts that enliven the pages of history as collected by John O. London's Weekly.

Voltaire who had a tremendous reputation for saying smart things once began praising, to an extraordinary extent, Haller when he was mentioned by an English traveller. The Englishman said such praise was not disinterested because Haller spoke the reverse of highly of him. "Well, well," replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

John Philpot Curran is the Irishman's high priest of repartee. Here is one of the sayings attributed to him. A wealthy barrister once said to Curran that "No man should be admitted to the Bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Curran, "how many acres makes a wiseacre?"

Even the church did not escape his scathing satire. One Sunday morning he was present at a sermon delivered by a pastor with whom he was intimate. When the sermon was over Curran met the preacher outside the church. "I hope," said the latter, you did not consider my sermon too long." "Not at all," retorted Curran, "nor too deep either."

Here's an English one: The Prince Regent being in Portsmouth one day and seeing Jack Towers across the street shouted out, "Hello, Towers, I hear you are the greatest blackguard in Portsmouth?" Towers replied with a bow: "I hope your Royal Highness has not come here to take away my character."

This one, accredited to by-gone days sounds modern enough to belong to us: A pompous peer once remarked during a speech in the Upper House: "My Lord, I put the question to myself!" And someone interjected: "What a silly answer you must have got."

"Transition"

By Will Durant

(Reviewed by Jessie McDiarmid.)

MONTHS after everyone else has read "Transition" we have only just finished it, and, thinking of a book to review, have thought it would prove stimulating, whether or not we can agree with such conclusions as are reached, and whether or not we feel that the apparent purpose for its writing was sufficient.

Durant's book of 1926, "The Story of Philosophy" holds a unique place in current literature. He followed that brilliant success with, in 1927, his first novel "Transition." His latest book has appeared in newspaper serial and is being eagerly looked for in book form. He calls "Transition" a "mental autobiography" and it took, and has held, a leading place since its appearance. Durant himself tells that he wrote it "con amore" as indeed he must when depicting struggles between his own mental development and the ideas of the parents he loved so dearly. We find ourselves utterly in sympathy with the hero "Jack" who is Durant himself, even when out of sympathy with his conclusions.

The novel is dedicated "To a tender mother and a perfect father" and this dedication and his own statement that he wrote it "with love" might seem to justify the opinion of a friend that he wrote it in order to explain to his loved ones his apparent apostasy from the church. We thought it had more of an inevitableness than that. One reviewer, quoted by the publishers, says: "it is a thrilling story, in many ways a heroic one." We agreed. It seems heroic to us—this autobiography in which Durant tries to tell the effect on his mind of the struggle for a religious faith; and the same old search for truth that satisfies.

As a biography it is a delight, written with a beautiful restraint which is a pleasant relief from popular realism. He brings, too, a search for goodness. And he finds it! At the very beginning we love "Jack's" delineation of an Italian laborer who lived in his home and brought him treats and candy as he says: "For I am sure that his gruff bestowal upon me of part of his unused fund of paternal tenderness taught me, almost in my swaddling clothes, the genial kindness that lies in the hearts of men." And later on in a parenthetical note to his readers he says: "The Reader will be tired, by this time, of finding every man in this story a nobleman, and every woman half a saint; he must not look for villains here, because I have found none; and I believe they are as rare in life as they will be in my book."

And the educator of new Americans must love his description of the "Micks" and "Sheenies" and "Canucks" as the native born farmers called the factory workers of whom he says: "They were a believing generation. They believed that in this endless expanse called America there was a road for every talent to rise to wealth and power. They frowned upon the employer who worked them ruthlessly; but they scorned with superior pride the young orator or the pallid student who suggested that they take over these factories and send members of their own class to rule the cities and the states. They found a secret zest in this gamble of the individualistic life; they were aware that most of them would lose; but as long as they did not know just who would win, they wished the game to go on. Its uncertainty was its lure."

"Jack" describes his childhood in a family of eleven children of French-Canadian lineage in a devout Catholic home. He describes his family as perfect, his mother, half-angel and his father, half-saint, "although he smilingly knows they all had faults and absurdities." He was carefully trained by a devout Catholic mother and, at an early age, found himself loving the Christ as a Hero.

He went through the period of first love, the value of which—and the reality of which—he warmly and humorously defends. His discovery, as a lad, of pleasure in reading and his finding of Dickens, is told whimsically. Then, after a period of appreciation of the folks of such books, he reads Darwin and other scientists of the Nineteenth Century. He is tossed hither and thither and thinks himself

an atheist. He is torn by pride, unhappiness and hypocries. That other men had gone through "the same slow change from belief to unbelief failed to comfort me." He goes to New York and tries journalism and a friend drew our attention to one of the reasons for his decision that he did not care to be a newspaper reporter, not the only one he records, "because behind every column of news I saw the suffering of men and women."

He tries socialism and conceives the idea of using the church as an instrument to make the world socialistic. In his youthful enthusiasm he exclaimed: "Once we get into battle we may find the younger clergy anxious for the move, then we'll rebuild America and renew the church." He was doomed to disappointment and had no success in recapturing the old faith or the old piety.

In a feeble effort to make money (only \$5.00), and without realizing into what his action would lead him, he accepts an invitation to lecture at the "Freedom Association" on "The Origins of Religion." For this he is excommunicated from the church. He is overwhelmed with grief, partly, but not wholly, because of the effect it will have on his mother. He tries to keep it from her and is assisted by his brother but finds it impossible and, still hearing his mother's cry: "My God! My God! Give me back my son!" he hastily leaves home leaving his father and sisters to minister to his heartbroken mother.

He becomes, at twenty-six years of age, "the principal, sole teacher and chief learner" of the "Freedom Modern School," and in the eyes of the world an anarchist. In the school he teaches the children of anarchists in an educational experiment in which Emma Goldman is interested.

He is invited to join a friend in a trip to Europe and, enjoying it tremendously, returns nevertheless with a passionate love for America—feels he has discovered his own country.

The next steps in his life are love and a very happy marriage: years of study at Columbia University, the sciences and philosophy, then the war. And the clearness of his description of the first Armistice Day and what it meant, stands out.

And still he doesn't find the answer to his early questioning. But he is reconciled to his family and we quote: "I thrill yet at the mention of His name and hunger yet for the ideal life he wished men to lead; if to love Him and hear Him gladly is to be a Christian then skeptic and pagan though I be, I am Christian too and Christ is still my God."

He enjoys the satisfaction of an unsuspected profound parental love. Of the birth of his daughter he says: "I knew that a million such tots came into the world every day — — — — —. But I was comfortably like others: I was sure that I had never seen so fair an infant face before."

In parenthood he finds contentment—and hope. He stresses hope. He eludes the thought of death and says: "But when Ethel came — — — — — I became almost reconciled to mortality, knowing that my spirit would survive me enshrined in a fairer mould than mine, and that my little worth would somehow be preserved in the heritage of men. In a measure the Great Sadness was lifted from me; and where I had seen omnipresent death I saw now everywhere about me the pageant and triumph of life."

And if, at the beginning of our reading we felt like questioning young folks who, having read about the irreconcilability of science and "the religion of our fathers," think they must now have doubts — — — and do so just as a medical student has the pains and aches of his study in symptomatic diagnosis, by the simple law of mental suggestion, most certainly we have ceased to question "Jack." We sympathize with him.

And now he closes: "So dear readers I close my book and I bid you good fortune."

He has left doubts and questioning to go swimming with his daughter.

Apple Pie

"Will you have pie, sir?"

"Is it customary?"

"No, it's apple."

The Poet Burns and the Burns Country

By Eugene McAuliffe

ROBERT BURNS was born January 25, 1759, in a clay-built, one story cottage, wearing a thatched roof. This cottage, now a world shrine, still stands in the little settlement of Alloway, fast by Ayr, or Auld Ayr, as this village is affectionately called. Close by Alloway the ruins of the Kirk of Alloway, in whose churchyard Burns' parents lie, yet stands. The poet's father, William Burnes or Burness, (as he spelt his name) constructed the frail little dwelling with his own hands, and when the son Robert, the first born of William Burnes and Agnes Brown, his wife, was but a week old, the clay walls of the cottage under the stress of a driving rain, gave way at midnight and the infant poet and his mother were carried by the father through the storm to a neighboring hovel.

William Burnes was, in his humble station, a man who commanded great respect. He had received the ordinary learning of a Scottish parish school and thereafter and throughout his life, he read and studied such books as he could obtain. He was a religious man, even writing a little theological manual for the use of his children. Against the narrow dogma and tyrannical conduct of the so-called "Auld Licht" party in the Scottish Church, there had sprung up the "New Lights," who demanded some relaxation of the existing Calvinistic bonds, and who preached the doctrine of charity and tolerance. It was to this less harsh branch of the church that the father belonged, and the religion he taught his children was more akin to that common to this day. Neighbors and family alike accorded William Burnes respected reverence and the poet painted his father in colors that will never fade. He was "the saint, the father, and the husband;" of the "Cottars' Saturday Night." The poet's mother was a woman of little book education but of marked ability as a mother and a housewife, particularly skilled in dairying. She was, however, unlike her husband, of a light and joyous disposition, well versed in folk-song and legend, and the poet, the first of seven children, doubtless inherited his singing soul from her.

When the son Robert was in his seventh year, his father borrowed money to stock a little farm which he rented at Mount Oliphant, and when the boy was sixteen he was doing a man's work in the fields, overstraining his immature physique in doing his share toward enabling his father to keep the then growing family's head above water. In 1777 the family moved some ten miles away to Lochlea, where in 1784 the father died.

At Mount Oliphant "love and poetry began with him," and when he was yet but fifteen the daughter of the local Miller of Perlewan, Nelly Kilpatrick, a year younger than her lover, offered the inspiration of his first song. As the roughly clad plough-boy picked the nettle-thorns and thistles out of the girl's bleeding hands, gathered while gleaning wheat, pity changed to love and he called her his "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass" and in her praise he sang:

"O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still."



The poet Robert Burns from a painting in the Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh.

The grinding bitter poverty that attended the Burnes family, the struggle made by the poet's God fearing parents to feed, clothe and educate a family of seven, are too well known to every lover of Burns' verse. The poet's father, by nature deeply religious, was ever oppressed with anxiety for the future of his children. His was an age when the task of securing even the barest necessities taxed the resources of every poor man, while the mother's cheerful nature kept her from surrendering to the pressure of dire poverty. The expression of anxious care felt by the cottager parents found utterance in the poet's "Cottars Saturday Night" wherein he said:

"The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That he who stills the raven's clamorous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside."

The piety that was ingrained in the soul of the father doubtless gathered much of its nourishment within the walls of the "Auld Kirk Alloway" built in the 17th Century. The "Auld Kirk" stands today, a ruin surrounded with the graves of worshippers long gone to rest. Relic hunters generations ago, carried off its roof, and ivy, as if to heal the wounds, streams across its walls. The little church bell that has not called worshippers together for more than a century and a half, hangs mutely in the eastern gable. When the father, William Burnes, out of the reverence for "Gods Acre" that was characteristic of him, petitioned the magistrates of Ayr to enclose the little Kirk Yard where he, his wife, and some of his children were ultimately destined to lie, he had no thought that this humble burying ground was destined to become a world's shrine.

Who of us have not thrilled to the shivering ghostliness of Burns' "Tam O'Shanter's Ride?" Tam was a half-legendary neer-do-well who rode his good mare Meg from the door of a public house in Ayr to the Brig of Doon, one dark and stormy night; a night of wind and driving rain, with the crash of thunder and flash of lightning, deafening, blinding, all the way, across the waste of sandy knolls and broken marshy ground. Tam approached the old Kirk after passing through morass and rough ground, ground covered with gorse and brushwood, the site of bygone murders, and in a bad state of mind, when at last he comes to the river Doon, and:

"Before him Doon poors all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze."

A few steps brought the now terrified Meg close to the Kirk when Tam, through an opening in the south wall "saw

an unco sight," there "sat Auld Nick, in shape of o'beast," surrounded by witches, all dancing in ghostly fashion. "Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious," while the dancers:

"———reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark;"

Tam forgot the night, the ghostly nature of the company; forgot the presence of "Auld Nick" and in his enthusiasm cried out, "Weel-dune, cutty-sark!" Tam's voice was the signal for an outpouring of the "hellish legion" and Tam and Meg alike fearful, strove to reach the "key-stane" of the Brig of Doon, beyond which safety lay, as no witch was supposed to cross running water. Poor Meg struggled valiantly for midstream position but she lost a second taking the turn that led to the bridge, and another on the sharp ascent that led to the center of the Doon. Maggie did her best but:

"———Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail;
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

Where the legendary witches once danced in the song that won Kirk Alloway much doubtful fame, thousands of pilgrims yearly bend in reverent admiration to read the words cut on the stone that stands at the head of William Burnes' grave:

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

The poet had many loves. His tall athletic body, his



The poet's house in Mauchline, where he first lived with his wife, Jean Armour, in one room.

dark expressive eyes, his winning tongue and ever deferential manner, won for him much favor among the lasses of his acquaintance. Burns early aspired to wed Annie Ronald, daughter of the Laird of Bennals, but he feared refusal and so he contented himself with a song in which he said:

"Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a' man."

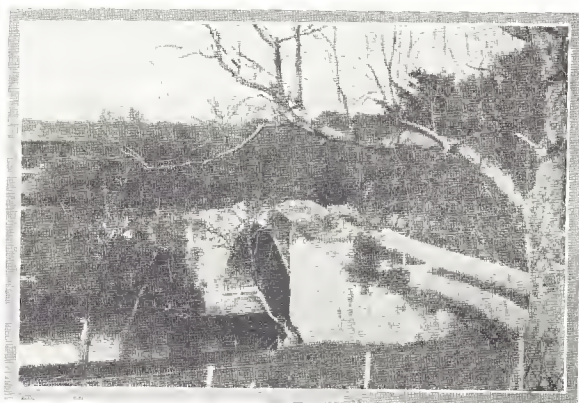
Of Tibbie Steen he wrote:

"O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wouldna' been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by."

Burns sang to Ellison Begbie, the daughter of a small farmer in the parish of Galston. This farmer maid was praised by the poet for her "superior good sense," her "amiable goodness, tender feminine softness, endearing sweetness of disposition, with all the charming offspring of a warm feeling



Here in 1757 William Burnes and Agnes Brown began their wedded life. Thirteen months later Robert Burns was born.



The "Auld Brig O' Doon," across which rode Tam O' Shanter on Meg.

heart," but she denied his suit. Of all Burns' love songs, "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven" will ever be thought of as the most inspired and the most beautiful. Like Lincoln's Anne Rutledge, Mary Campbell, who died in her twentieth year, was not for him.

Immediately back of the public-house of "Johnnie Pigeon" as Burns called him, in the village of Mauchline, lived a master-mason and small contractor named Armour. Only a narrow lane separated the public house from the Armour Cottage and the poet quickly learned of the existence of the mason's daughter, Jean Armour. Jean's father was a man of consequence in the village, a strict member of the "Auld Lict" church who "would rather hae seen the deil himself comin' to the hoose to coort his dochter than Burns." The poet first met Jean at a dance next door to Mauchline Castle. Burns' faithful dog followed him everywhere, the dance no exception, and when he took a lassie in his arms the dog followed him through the dance, and this led him to say in Jean's hearing: "I wish I could get a lass to like me as

well as my dog." A few days later the poet with his dog passed Jean engaged in the task of bleaching clothes on the village green. Jean paused to ask, "Hae ye got ony lassie to like ye as weel as your dog yet?" Burns stopped to chat and their love-story had its beginning.

In 1788, Burns and Jean Armour began housekeeping in one room of a house that still stands in what is now Castle Street Mauchline. In Mauchline, Burns lived out his many moods. His "maunderings and flittering" gave Jean many a heartache. It was in this village that he wrote "Ye Banks and Braes O'Bonnie Doon" and much else of his best. Here he presided as Master of the Masonic Lodge and here he sat out many a winter night at the Whiteford Arms, keeping the company in an uproar with his scintillating genius. In later days when the shadows of want and failing health overtook him, he could be seen stalking through the village streets, his hat down low, his brows knitted in defiance of the "kintra clatter," a victim of remorse and life disappointed. A few years later when in the pride of his Edinburgh fame he came back to the village of Mauchline,



The poet's house in Dumfries, where he died.

he rode proudly down Cowgate, to leap off his horse at the entrance to the tavern, throwing the reins to the stable-boy in the lordly way that he had learned in his absence.

But the way of pride was not Burns' way. He belonged to the soil, poverty was his heritage. For long the world had looked askance at his philandering and his improvidence. To be without some sense of thrift is a besetting sin in the eyes of the Scot, and so at the end of June, 1796, he came in to Dumfries, then his home. With great difficulty he walked from the cart to his own door, and to the bed from which he was destined not to again rise in this life. On the morning of the 21st day of July, as the sun rose, he died. Four days later, Sunday evening, July 25, 1796, he was laid to rest in the Churchyard of St. Michaels, Dumfries.

In 1859, one hundred years after the poet's birth, men and women who loved and revered Robert Burns, met in the City of Boston to pay tribute to his genius and his memory. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," then nearing sixty, was the last to speak on Burns. In language that glowed like white-hot iron under the smith's hammer, he paid undying tribute to the plough-boy poet.

"The memory of Burns,—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say,—every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth."



Kirk Alloway, where the bodies of the poet's father and mother lie and where "Cutty-Sark" led the dance of the witches.

Wordsworth, England's gentle poet, stood beside Burns' grave and later wrote:

"Sadness comes from out the mold where Burns is laid."

Keats, England's sublime poetic genius, who rose to heights transcendent and died at twenty-six, stood within the plough-boy poet's mausoleum and sighed that "pain is never done." Other poets have written words that might well serve as Robert Burns' epitaph, but the one he himself penned, of which we will quote but one verse of five, best expresses the belated thoughts of the saddened soul of the immortal author of the "Cottars' Saturday Night:"

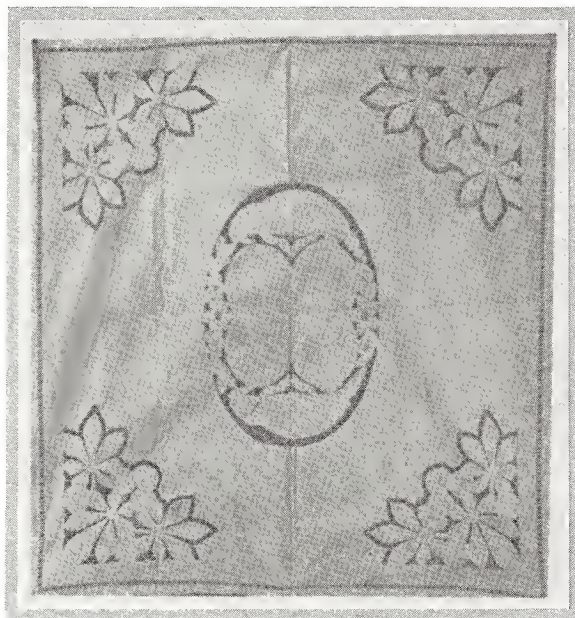
"Reader attend! Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self control
Is wisdom's root."

Lace Making, Needlework and Hand Craft at Rock Springs' Lions Club International Night

A most interesting part of the International Fete held in Rock Springs on December 3rd, was the hand craft exhibit, arranged by the Rock Springs' Woman's Club. For years American-culturally alert centers, such as our University settlements, have been urging that the children of New-Americans be encouraged to learn Old World arts from their parents, to the end that these may be added to the culture and art feeling of America—and, too, as a factor in maintaining a strong family unity, a pride in parents, in the New Land where it is easier for young folks to learn new ways. Many crafts must go, in a changing and improving world. Sword makers and glove sewers are no longer needed. But many will stay and many are being revived.

In Hungary each province has its own embroidery stitches and motifs, and the Girl Scouts of Hungary are united in a national movement to revive and cherish them.

Mrs. V. J. Facinelli and her committee are to be congratulated on the effectiveness of the exhibits arranged in the Rock Springs Elks Home. There were Slovenian lace makers plying the rapidly moving spools of linen thread to make cluny of beautiful designs; an Italian cut work display that held the interest of many; and below it a display of antique jewelry in which were the romantic strands of gar-



A beautiful Italian cut work lunch cloth loaned to the exhibit of hand work by Mrs. V. J. Facinelli.

nets worn by Tyrolean brides, and head kerchiefs loaned by Italian women and girls of Rock Springs and Superior. On another table were wood and tile pieces from Palestine; and beyond that were cushions of Grecian cut work. Every nationality had varieties of crochet lace, all very much alike, with fillet designs. But one missed the rose patterns, peculiar to Irish crochet and very lovely. Colored, woven rugs of Slovakia were reminiscent of Russian embroideries.

The Chinese collection, loaned from San Francisco and guarded by Leo Chee, was magnificent. And smilingly beautiful were the Japanese girls who displayed silken embroideries of Japan.

And best of all was the pleasure of the women and girls who showed their skill and the arts of their home lands—and the joy of knowing them as our neighbors in a New America.



Slovenian hand craft exhibit International Fete, Rock Springs. Reading from left to right the participants are: Grandma Mrak (deceased), Andrew Fortuna, Jenny Taucher, Cecelia Kersishnik, Mrs. Andrew Fortuna, Mrs. Joe Galich, Mrs. Anton Oblok, Mrs. Joe Kersishnik, Mrs. Matt Ferlic, Miss Mary Kersishnik and Valentine Subic.

mittee of U. M. W. of A. and Community Council members had prepared trees and halls. Virgil Wright was chairman of the committee and Charles Congleton was secretary. Then there were Christmas shows at the theatres and a program given by the South Superior school.

The Community Hall at No. Four looked like a small corner of Santa's own Christmas Land while Joe Edgeworth and his committee prepared treats for Rock Springs' young folks and Mesdames Pat Campbell, Joe Edgeworth and James Reese packed baskets.

And early on Christmas morning Santa himself looked his best and happiest as he drove around to the home of every boy and girl in The Union Pacific Coal Company family and personally delivered his greetings and treats. To every single one! And he was helped by Messrs. Richard Stanton, Evan Thomas, Pat Campbell, Jim Knox, Aaron Denley, Dewey McMann and Dan Hackett. Up and down he drove, through cross streets and watching carefully so that no one be missed. And the senior Girl Scouts of Troop I drove with him and sang, "Joy to the World" and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". It was a Christmassy sight. And they met the girls of the Girls' Friendly Society returning from a very early visit to the hospital where they had waked the patients with songs of praise. Then they drove past the High School to see the huge canvas depicting the Christmas story which hung over the entrance.

It was a wonderful holiday time. The young folks were home from school and college and there were parties and parties for them. In all the churches were Christmas services and where there are no churches the story of the birth of the Christ Child was told and told again in the Sunday Schools. In Rock Springs the Elks Lodge held a children's Christmas tree. The city was more beautifully decorated than ever before. Homes having growing evergreen trees made them beautiful with lights and shared them with all. At the depot the "Station Christmas tree" glowed out its messages of cheer and seemed to sprinkle star dust from the huge white star which crowned it. The hotels and business houses carried Christmas colors in their electric signs.



Miss Caroline Tuttle and Miss Dorothy Leslie off for their homes in Texas and Cheyenne to spend the Christmas holidays.

Parties of carol singers were to be seen hurrying to destinations. And Santa's assistants were active everywhere, re-making toys like the Boy Scouts, practicing plays, calling, singing, packing baskets, attending committee meetings or asking the hospital Superintendent about the needs of the hospital.

Santa Claus was good to us—all of us—and the holidays were a time of friendly greetings, not the least cheerful and friendly of which were the holiday wishes of Leo Chee, veteran Chinaman who never forgets the season of good will.

A Slogan

Jeweller: "If I were you, I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice' engraved. If Alice changes her mind, you can't use the ring again."

Young man: "What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest the words 'George, to his first and only love!'"—Montreal Daily Star.



Troop IV Girl Scouts, Rock Springs' Indians are joined by a group of nurses in the singing of Christmas carols.



"Scooters look like new when they've had a coat of red paint and doll beds aren't hard to mend and mechanical toys can be made to run," say these Boy Scouts who have turned the basement of the Baptist Church into a toy-mendery in their role of Santa's assistants.

—≡ He Old Timers ≡—

A. H. Anderson

Forty years of service in one organization is enough to make the man who has so served remarkable, and that is only one of the many reasons we honor "Gus" Anderson, Rock Springs' member of The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association.

Mr. Anderson was born in Kewanee, Illinois, in 1863. When he was twenty years old he came west and began to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company at Twin Creek. He has, however, spent the major portion of his life in the city of Rock Springs where, thirty-six years ago on November 29th last, he was married to Miss Emily Sutton, whose father was foreman of No. 3 Mine and later one of the founders of the mercantile firm of Thorpe and Sutton, well remembered by all old time residents of Rock Springs.

Mr. Anderson has been secretary of the Elks Lodge for years, and carried the duties of this office for the largest fraternal or-



A. H. Anderson

ganization in the district through the busy days when the splendid Elks Home was being built.

Two sons compose the family of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; Arthur, of The Union Pacific Coal Company Auditing staff, at home; and Fred, of the staff of the Glendale News, Glendale, Los Angeles, California.

Trips to the north country, to Daniel and beyond, and week-ends in the mountains are among Mr. Anderson's pet diversions during the summer, as they used to be cycling with old pals like Bob Muir for company and the trails north and south to beckon, or athletic days to plan for and sports nearer home than the week-end playground of these days. And perhaps it is early association with a traveller like Bob Muir which induces the frequent trips to California which Mr. Anderson is fond of taking.

Edward Cook, Former President of Rock Springs Central Labor Body, Dies

News of the tragic death in No. 8 Mine of Ed. Cook, member of The Union Pacific Old Timers Association, and a prominent labor leader of Rock Springs, came as a distinct shock to the many, many friends in our towns who had known and admired him, and who know and admire the members of his family, left to mourn his loss.

Mr. Cook was born in Lanarkshire, England, in 1875, and in April, 1904, he came to America and to Rock

Springs. For twenty-four years he has been a resident of Rock Springs, and few men in the district have been more



Edward Cook

active in the interests of labor than he. Just recently he had received a badge illustrating his service as a past President of the Central Labor Body at Rock Springs. He had been President of the Executive Committee, and was, at the time of his death, official organizer for the Retail Clerks' Union. He had frequently served as a member of the Hospital Commission, and was especially interested in the Rock

Springs' Labor Day celebration, giving his time unstintingly in its interest.

He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Golden Eagles, and the membership of both of these organizations attended the funeral services in a body.

He was a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints, and the funeral services, which began at his home on Rainbow Avenue, were continued at the church, with Bishops J. B. Young and J. I. Williams officiating. Pallbearers were William Wilson, Thomas Smith, Ted Samuels, John Retford, George Krichbaum and Anton Visintainer.

Decedent is survived by his wife, six children, and two grandchildren, all well known in Rock Springs and especially to The Union Pacific Coal Company family. They are: Mrs. John Firmage, Jr., Arthur and Harold Cook, married and living in Rock Springs, Tommy of the Rock Springs' store and Misses Ethel and May, at home. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

First Miner at Cumberland Dead

(From the Kemmerer Gazette.)

Jack Haikio, aged 65 years, who has the distinction of shoveling the first dirt when Cumberland No. 1 Mine was opened in 1900, died at the L. C. M. Hospital at 6 o'clock Monday evening, December 3rd, within three minutes after he had arrived at that institution. Heart trouble was the cause of death. Haikio, who was single, had just arrived in the city by motor with a party of friends from Evans-ton, where he had spent Sunday visiting, and complaining of illness on the way here, he was taken directly to the hospital, where he suddenly expired as he was being undressed for a cot. He had laid off work about two months prior to his demise.



Jack Haikio, first Cumberland Miner.

Haikio, who is a native of Finland, had worked at Cumberland continuously since No. 1 opened, the exceptions being when he would take a trip to his native land, three in number in the 28 years. On one of these trips he was accompanied by his sister, who became Mrs. Jack Neimi, and who has since passed away. He is survived by his brother-in-law and two nieces and two nephews and a sister and brother in Finland.

Funeral services for the departed were held on Sunday, December 9th, at the Finn Hall, Diamondville, and interment made in the Kemmerer City cemetery.



Old Timer Paul Dugas, of Superior, with Mrs. Dugas and their family. They are, at the back, standing: Josephine, Paul, Jr., Mrs. A. Pecolar and Anna; center, standing: Louise; front row: Mrs. Kladianos, Helen, Mr. Dugas, Mrs. Dugas, Emma and Mrs. Yongoyen; and on their parents' knees are: Elizabeth and William.

Samuel Samuels Called Home

Somehow one is glad to have heard the "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word," of the Episcopal choral services sung by the choir of the Rock Springs Episcopal Church, at the funeral services of old-timer Samuel Samuels before having to record the passing of this old friend which took place on December 4th, 1928—and to have caught a reflection of the Christian faith which had so characterized his life.

Mr. Samuels, who, was 79 years old at the time of his death, had been ailing through the fall months following an injury received while at work about a year ago, and was attended by the loving care of his seven children who all reside in Rock Springs.

Mr. Samuels was born in Wales in 1858 and in 1907 he, with Mrs. Samuel and their family, came to the United States and directly to Wyoming, to join three of the members who had preceded them to America and were located in Rock Springs.

He entered the employ of The Union Pacific Coal Company and two years ago became a member of the Old Timers Association. He was also a member of the United Mine Workers of America and of the Royal Order of Moose.

Surviving him are his sons and daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth McIntosh, William and George Samuels, Mrs. Jennie Lawson, Mrs. Mary Ann Edwards, Edward Samuels and Mrs. Carrie Knox, all of Rock Springs; and two brothers, George and Edward, residing in Wales. Mrs. Samuels preceded him to the Great Beyond twelve years ago.

Mr. Samuels was a devout member of the Church of the Holy Communion and has served as vestryman for years. His son, George Samuels, is leader of the choir of this church

and fourteen other members of the family are members of the same choir.

As was surely fitting he was carried to his last resting place from this church he had loved so dearly and served so faithfully, Reverend R. E. Abraham and the vested choir conducting the service.

The Pioneers

Our fathers toiled, but in a glorious fight,
The God of nations led them by the hand;
With pillared smoke by day and fire by night
They wrought like heroes in their promised land,
The wilderness was conquered by their might,
They made for God the marvel He has planned—
A land of homes where toil could make men free,
The final masterpiece of Destiny.

—Peter McArthur.



Frank L. McCarty, Walt Smalley and Ben Bagnell on a hunting trip in the early days of Cumberland, Wyoming.

(Picture by courtesy of Mrs. A. Salmon, Rock Springs)

A Prayer For the New Year

By Violet Alleyn Storey

God, patient of beginnings,
Help us this day to see
Time has no real beginning, no real end—
Just continuity!

Though we are glibly saying
In one excited breath,
"The Old Year dies; the New Year lives!"—Oh, God,
Teach us Time knows no death!

Bid us consider gardens—
Seeds planted in the May,
Then flowers, then frost, then rest, and flowers once more
And Time yields life this way!

Show us now cause for trusting,
Who would be fearful when
Years go and come, for life Time bears away,
It will bring back again.

Teach us that years, in passing,
Heal, pardon, make us wise.
Teach us that days, in coming, bring with them
Fulfillment and surprise.

God, patient of beginnings,
Help us this day to see
In earthly bulbs, spring flowers; in man, the Christ;
In years, eternity!



Old Timer Samuel Samuels, with Mr. Wm. Samuels, Mrs. Martha Samuels Buxton and Master Carl Buxton.

Pictures In Our Rock

J. McD.

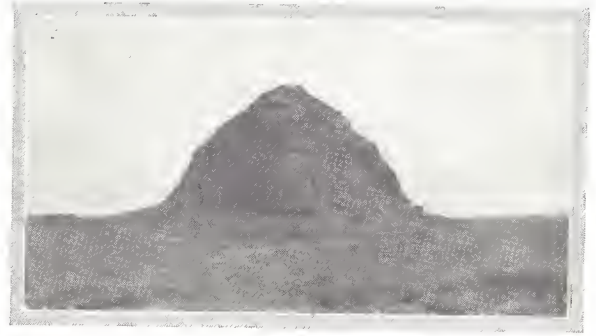
Oheee! Oheee! Lookee! Lookee! Elephants coming up the hill in the circus parade. Oh! Lookee! Isn't it grand? Isn't it all grand?

Our visitor was making her first visit to the rocky, sandy, sage-brushy hills of the desert country of Southwestern Wyoming—dreary enough country to the realist who likes his colors accurately applied, and difficult enough of inducing to a complete ignoring of grey hills that are grey, undeniably.

And yet in the quiet of an early summer evening it was grandeur undeniable that we saw as we drove along the roads south and north of Rock Springs and found pictures on our rocky hill faces.

And since it's fashionable to tell Wyoming visitors tall tales, and the visitor to Wyoming is usually ready for tall—and broad tales (we remember descending a Union Pacific train at Cheyenne, quite ready to admire cowboys and cow-girls on fleet and unruly steeds, and to see them run races with our train for amusement, theirs and ours), it's fair enough to begin a vigorous use of the imagination on the rock shapes we pass on our drive, and to take, if we wish, a trip around the world to find their counterpart.

We still remember our introduction to Haystack Butte and the polite interest we took in a stack of hay at the insistence of our mischievous young hostess, and without questioning the how of hay growing on the saged hills, or the

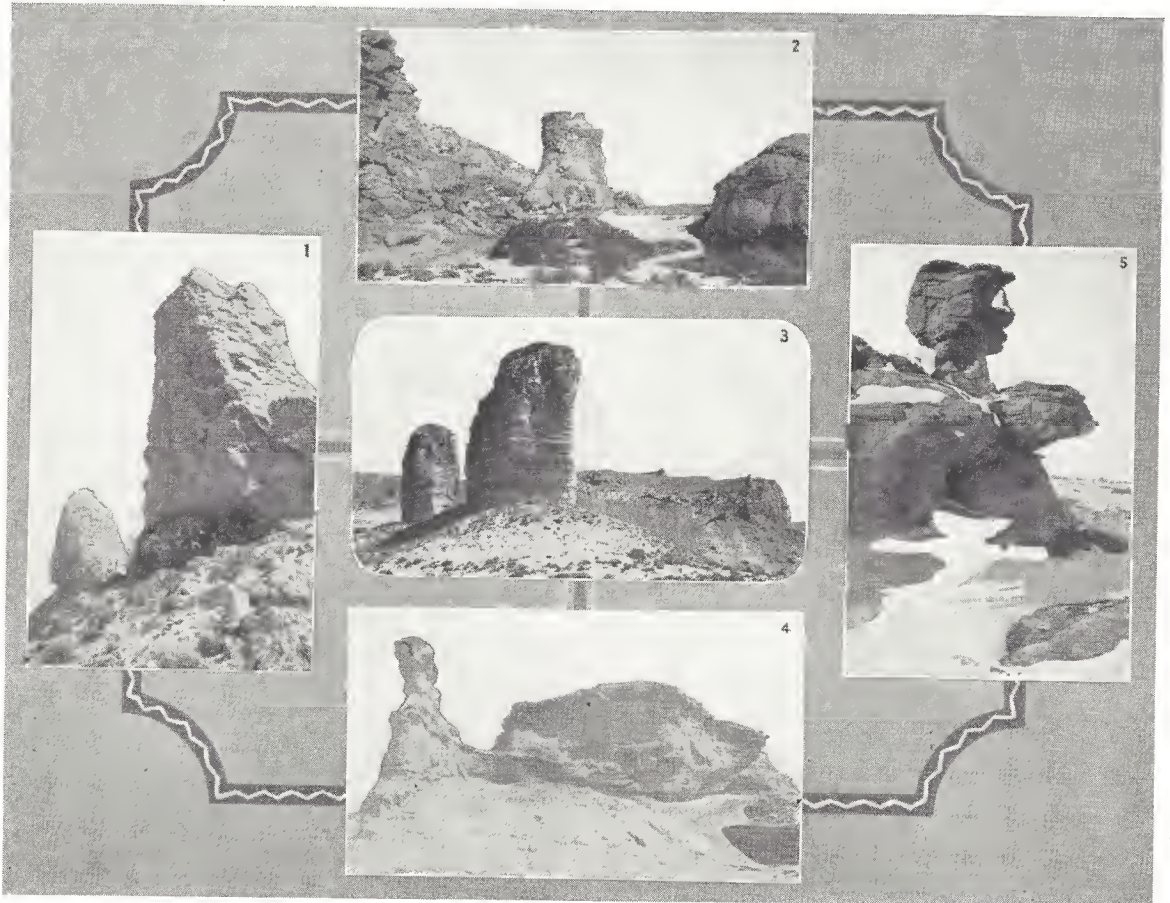


Haystack Butte, between Rock Springs and Pinedale.

value of hay if it were stacked—fifty desert miles from anywhere.

And we remember our quickly voiced wish for a gun so that an equally insistent young man might "bag that bear up there" when he was sure it wasn't "too long a shot" from the road, one twilight evening as a rocky bruin silhouetted himself in a convenient spot. Every district of Wyoming likes to see its guests use their imagination.

But as the sun sinks and the most gorgeous sunsets we have ever seen color the whole sky and paint our queens and elephants and turtles and bears, it's not above our



- 1—Leucite Buttes, near Rock Springs. There's a pot of gold at the top.
- 2—A footstool for the Gods—or what will you have.
- 3—The first elephant in the parade is always the biggest, especially if they come over a hill.

- 4—Couldn't you ride this turtle to victory in a beach race?
- 5—Your favorite dead and gone Queen, in Wyoming marble.



Finding a thrill in rock picture hunting back of No. Four Mine Slope, Rock Springs: Mrs. J. H. Russell, Mrs. Clyde Crofts, Harry Crofts and Mrs. Dave Faddis.

imaginations but our whole beings which are quickened by an appreciation of the grandeur of our world—our Wyoming desert, and we are quite ready to say with our visitor: Isn't it all grand?

Laughs

She Does

Young Husband: "The old-fashioned girl certainly knew how to get a dinner."

His Wife: "So does the modern girl; but she uses a different method."—Answers.

Pig Headed

"Harold is awfully obstinate."

"In what way?"

"It's the hardest thing in the world to make him admit I'm right when he knows I'm wrong."—Tit Bits.

Poor Business

To a Jewish ex-service man an acquaintance remarked: "So you were in the Army, Ikey?"

"Oh, I was in the Army," was the proud response.

"Did you get a commission?"

"No, only my wages!"—Humorist.

Too Literal

Mrs. Newwed (at dinner-table): "I was going to have some sponge cake as a surprise for you, dear, but I confess it was a failure."

Mr. Newwed: "What was the matter?"

Mrs. Newwed: "I don't know for sure, but I think the store sent me the wrong kind of sponges."—Western Christian Advocate.

One Arm

Traffic Court Magistrate: "What's the charge, officer?"

Traffic Cop: "Driving while in a state of extreme infatuation, your honor."—Judge.

Revived

A recently appointed vicar, in his first sermon, spoke severely against betting. After the sermon was over a parishioner told the clergyman that one of the wealthiest members of his congregation was a notorious gambler. The vicar, not wishing to begin badly, approached the rich man after the service, and said:

"I'm afraid I must have offended you today, but—"

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "It's a mighty bad sermon that doesn't hit me somewhere."—London Daily Chronicle.

Extraordinary

Vaudeville Agent (dubiously): "There are so many strong-man acts just now—do you fellows do anything out of the ordinary?"

Strong Man (impressively): "We wind up our act by opening the drawers of an old-fashioned dresser."—Life.

Paper Work

During the war a colonel was transferred to a new command, and on reaching his depot he found stacks of useless documents accumulated by his predecessors. He wired to headquarters for permission to burn them, and received this answer: "Yes, but make copies first."—London Daily Express.

A Boy Scout Troop Which Studies Indian Rites



The Big Chief ready to lead his braves.

There is, in Colorado Springs, Colorado, a troop of Boy Scouts who have made a special study of Indian life. Their Scoutmaster is himself an Indian and has taught the boys of the troop an understanding of the Indian spirit in interpreting by their dances and sign language their feeling toward nature and the great land they felt to be theirs.

At the Girl Scout pageant given by the Colorado Springs Girl Scouts at the National convention and picturing the history of the State of Colorado, this troop of boys gave a portrayal of Indian rituals, dances and music.



Boy Scouts of Troop 10, Colorado Springs, who gave a beautiful portrayal of Indian rituals and dances at the Girl Scout pageant of the history of Colorado.

Of Interest To Women

A Letter to Mary

By Kate Masterson

There are so many Marys in the world, and perhaps few places have a larger share than has our own part of the world. We remember being in a group of nine little girls, not long ago, of whom seven were named Mary. And when a friend gave us this story about the Marys of history we thought we'd like to share it with the many Marys among our readers for whom it will have an especial interest.

EDITOR.

IT IS a joy to write you at this season of the year, when the greatest of all the Marys wrapped the baby in her mother-arms and looked into the face of the Christ-child.

For this reason your name will always suggest the mother quality, although its origin is the Hebrew Marah, having the general significance of sorrow. And the Bible Marys were born to a heritage of suffering—the sacrifice that ennobles and refines the nature, for one of the sad truths of life is that existence in sunshiny rose gardens does not bring out the best that is in us.

Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, is the symbolic woman, and the position she has occupied in the Christian church has served to keep alive all the tenderest and loveliest attributes of femininity through various era that have seemed to threaten the sanctity of the home kingdom and woman's queenship there.

So your beautiful name has lived strong and steadfast and true; first in the radiance of the Star of Bethlehem, in the shadow of the cross; on thrones and on scaffolds; never losing that peculiar vital attribute that keeps some names veritably alive, while others languish and sometimes even die through an ataxia of unpopularity.

Marys Have Been Saints and Martyrs

All that goes to make a name great and keep it great belongs to Mary—a wealth of history and the peculiar fact that the wicked women who have borne the name have been among the great sinners whose names are as well known today as those of the great saints.

Your name has had the acclaim of all nations and all times. Poets and novelists and artists have seen in the simple four-lettered word the strange, mysterious significance that expresses womanhood at its best and finest.

There is a legion of famous Marys, who have kept the flame burning before the shrine. There were the three Marys who gathered at the Sepulcher, faithful—as women are—to their beloved even after the tomb has closed upon them.

Saints there were by the score—one, an Egyptian who underwent a conversion as great as that of Saint Augustine. She wandered in the desert for forty-seven years until she died—surely a tragic and dramatic figure in the annals of saintly history!

This touch of tragedy and dramatic setting has always lingered near the name. Martyrs have made it renowned—one wonderful Florentine lady of title, originally called Catherine, having chosen the name Mary and the motto "To suffer and to die" for the faith.

There Are Many Queenly Marys

The history of the Queen Marys makes a volume teeming with romance and tragedy and happenings connected with all the great events in history.

Of the queens most famous, there are those two wonderful and beautiful women—Marie Antoinette of France, and Mary, Queen of Scots. Both were born with surpassing

charm, and a beauty that would have given them power even though far from the throne. They were as rich in faults as they were in fairness and wit, and both were beheaded. The history of Marie Antoinette is the history of the French Revolution. It began with her childhood, and the events of her court have made material for plays and paintings by the greatest writers and artists.

Her piquant, tragic career was not so deeply somber as that of the gentle Scottish Mary, about whom fate wove a cruel web that finally enmeshed her. There was a Mary of Hungary and there were several Spanish Queen Marys. There was one of Portugal, and a cruel Mary de Medicis, who was crowned queen one day before the murder of her husband, Henry of Navarre. These French Marys spelled their names Marie,—and pronounced it differently—but this was not, with them, an affectation, as it is with our American Maries.

You, Mary, who read this letter, are not, we hope, one of the American Maries. Charming as the French form is, its use here comes from a superficial fashion. The other simpler name is much more beautiful.

Mary Should Not Be Nicknamed

In fact, despite the many delightful diminutives and the other forms of Mary—Molly, Polly, Miriam and the extremely pretty Irish Maureen, we can find nothing so strong and beautiful as Mary.

Happily, pet names, except for babies, are going out. The Mays and the Maisies and Maries will grow fewer and fewer as the world goes on getting more intelligent.

Be glad that you have a name that is in itself a passport; on your card, signed to your letters—in all the documents that may come up in your life, "Mary" is impressive in its truth and sturdy lack of pretentiousness.

We look to the Marys for no pettiness of virtue, no cheese-paring of knowledge, no half-doing in whatever walk of life they are placed.

There are names that dazzle and sparkle and are filled with laughter and music, but none that have the glow of the Eastern Star like Mary.

A Name to Live Up to

To bear this name is actually a charge to keep—a responsibility—to all those Marys who must learn to realize the heritage that has come to them from the great women of the dear dead past who have been their name-sisters.

The name of Mary—bequeathed to you of this twentieth century—is like the pride of blood that must forever hold its heirs true to their heritage.

Read through the great writers and poets—Dickens and Scott and Byron, Burns and Southey—and learn the women they choose to endow with this name of names.

Note how lighter poets have chosen others to sing to—for Mary is too close to the ideal for frivolous verse—so the diminutives and other forms have been selected for the laughing rhymes of Herrick and Dobson and Bunner.

That honest garden flower, the marigold, is named for "virgin's gold." It is no florist's bloom, nor bridal crown, but is a joy to the garden—symbolic of the pure truth of the name you bear.

Treasure the Heritage of Your Name

Treasure what is yours and maybe it will be your fate to add to the splendid, simple fame of a name that through all its tremendously dramatic history has preserved that fine, true quality that so few names can boast.

Through all the ages the name of Mary has had its part in the service and song that mark the great holiday of the

year. It has the benediction of the altars wreathed in ever-green and fragrant lilies, where the Christmas gospel is read in every land, telling us of that time when peace on earth and good will toward men came to dwell with us forever.

To all the Marys, after a glad Christmas as you ought to have, a New Year that will add honors to your name.

Diary of An Infant

MY ARRIVAL: The nurse held me up and said, "It's a boy." Father shouted, "Attabo!" Everyone looked buoyant and acted boisterous.

THE DAY AFTER: I have been exhibited to five aunts, four uncles, two grandpas, two grandmas and lots of cousins. There is much division of opinion about my appearance. Father always answers "He'll get over it" when they say I look like him. I wish he would change that joke once in a while. I am beginning to dread it.

TWO WEEKS LATER: Why do grown-ups screw up their faces and make funny sounds when they see me? It drives me to tears. One uncle put up his palms to his ears and said "Bow wow!" He looked so foolish that it made me laugh. This pleased him immensely.

TWO MONTHS LATER: I am beginning to get used to grown-ups and their ways. When I wish to fall asleep they like to pick me up; when I wish to be picked up they say "Sh-h-h!" and tell me to go to sleep. One of my grandmas is a dear. She took me up and began to rock me in her arms. It felt good. Mother snatched me away and said, "It isn't being done these days. Holt forbids it." I'd like to meet that fellow Holt some day and give him a piece of my mind.

FIVE MONTHS LATER: I wonder how big people would like to be poked under the chin continuously. There ought to be a society for the prevention of poking babies. —It's a stupid world.

ONE YEAR LATER: A baby hears more bad English in one day than others do in weeks. I was feeling my gums for new teeth and crying a bit to relieve my feelings when one of my aunts asked, "Does oo ittie tootsie wootsies hurt um ittie boy?" I am happy to say mother put a stop to it. She said they must not talk baby talk to me. Holt advises against it. I am beginning to think better of that fellow Holt.

ONE YEAR AND A DAY: I love rubber heels to eat and mush to play with. Mother wants it the other way. Grown-ups are funny. They take the joy out of life. I suppose I'll have to be one some day.



Two leaders in the Tono classes for women: Mrs. Bert Boardman, song leader; Mrs. Hans Peterson, in charge of baby clinics.

Lady Astor Wears New Red Dress

Lady Astor, the American girl who married Lord Astor and is a member of the British House of Commons, will always be "news," not because she does sensational things but because of what she is. However, just at the moment, American newspapers are telling us something about her which is cheering if not sensational. At the sessions of the "House" she has always worn black or dark blue. Recently she came in wearing a dress of a new shade of red with a hat to match. And the members of the House of Commons cheered!

Some of the things Lady Astor does savor of the tales we hear about the doings of Dolly Madison and Alice Roosevelt—an extraordinary appreciation of others going along with their daring and fun.

Lady Astor's first speech after her re-election was on prohibition and phases of liquor control—a daring beginning where brewers are wealthy and powerful and titles are sometimes bought.

Our Young Women

The Lady With the Lamp

From "Lives Worth Remembering"

THERE was once upon a time a great war between England and Russia; and in the wake of war there always follow trouble and illness and death. The poor soldiers, who are wounded in the defense of their country, need the best of care and comforts. In order to provide for these needs there are, in our days, hospitals with physicians and nurses trained to take care of those who are ill.

But, at the time of this war between England and Russia, there were very few hospitals, and trained nurses were rarely to be found. Moreover, the fighting took place on the Crimean peninsula, which is in the southern part of Russia, near the Black Sea, a place where hospitals and nurses had never even been heard of.

In this forsaken land, after a hard day's fighting, the wounded and sick had to lie either in the streets, where they had fallen, or, at best, in ugly, damp places, where the cold, hard floors and the unhealthful conditions killed almost as many men as did the guns and cannon of the enemy. Thus things went on, and daily the lot of the soldiers grew more and more hopeless.

One of the English leaders had a friend named Florence Nightingale, who was just the person to help in such a difficulty; and though he at first hesitated to appeal to her, because he knew she herself was far from strong and well, he did at last write her a stirring letter, telling her of the terrible needs of the poor sufferers in the Crimea.

Florence Nightingale had carefully studied the art of nursing, and knew perfectly how to manage a hospital; and she also knew where to find other women whom she could train to help her in the great work she was asked to undertake. She did not hesitate an instant to take up the task which had been appointed for her. Waiting only long enough to collect a large sum of money and a small band of helpers, this noble woman set out at the earliest day possible.

From the moment Florence Nightingale appeared in the midst of that suffering and disorder, everything changed. What she did was done so quickly and so quietly that it seemed almost like a miracle. Dilapidated old houses were transformed into clean hospitals with rows of comfortable beds. Day and night she worked among her boys, as she called them, washing and feeding them and nursing them



Harriet Pitchford,
Green River,
first grandchild
of Old Timer
John Doak of
Rock Springs.

back to health. And when she had been in that land of war only a little while, there were no longer any neglected soldiers to be found.

Of course her "boys" loved her; they realized with gratitude all she had done for them. Every night before she went to rest, she would take a lamp and go through those long rows of beds to see whether every one was comfortable and happy; and many a time the grateful sufferers would turn and kiss her shadow as it was cast beside them on the wall.

To be sure, this brave woman had much help in her great work. There were too many wounded men for one person to take care of; and, without the earnest helpers she had gathered round her, and the generous sums of money given by her countrymen, she could never have accomplished the wonders she did. But she deserves the chief credit, since it was her spirit and her example that inspired others to be self-sacrificing.

Florence Nightingale was a fitting name for so fine a woman. Florence, you must know, is a beautiful city in Italy, where the little girl was born, though her parents were both English. As for the nightingale, that is the sweetest singer of all the birds; and this brave woman's life was really a finer song than any ever sung by the most musical of nightingales.

As Longfellow said of her and the light she brought to the sufferers in the Crimean War:

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

House Room

There came to my mind this morning a phrase which I often heard in my girlhood but which is rarely heard in these later days. "Why do you keep that old thing," some member of the family would ask concerning a chair or some treasured ornament. "I wouldn't give it house room."

I suppose the frugal minds of those days, when money was "scarce" and comforts were few, treasured many an old thing beyond its usefulness. But children of course had little understanding of the cost of house room. They took it for granted, like many of the other good things of life, sharing not one bit the care-taking of their elders.

Perhaps we are just as careless and thoughtless concerning a still greater truth. Heart room is even more precious than house room; and we can choose if we will the worthwhile things to which we will give heart room.

This is because the things which abide in the heart should be our real treasures, things which it is worthwhile to keep. There is no heart really big enough to envy or greed or suspicion or censure. Do not give them heart room, Girl Scouts, any one of these. If they steal in for a minute, drive them out and be prompt and frank in making clear to them that you have no space for them.

One of the old hymns which was likewise familiar in my childhood ran:

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

Perhaps it is because the memory of the old hymn and the dear homes in which I heard it sung is precious to me, that the thought of the heart was wonderfully comforting, as I write. To have room in our hearts for all who need us—and to give love beyond measure, this it is to be great-hearted. In the old Pilgrim's Progress, (which you know and love, I hope)—the one who led the way to the Promised Land was named Great Heart. What a dear name to carry!

Make room in your hearts for all the lovely things of life, Girl Scouts. Make friends with the trees, and the brooks, and the skies with their sun, moon and stars. Make room for your neighbors, young and old, and especially for the little ones who need you. Make heart room for loving memories until they crowd out any lingering grudge or sense of hurt. Find heart room for the good things, the real things which you may keep,—may hold in your heart and love forever and ever.

By DEAN SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD,
Retired President, Girl Scouts of America.
—Reprinted from *The Trail Maker*.

Than Which

W. S. Gilbert once said of a certain man: "No one can have a higher opinion of X than I have—and I think he's a dirty little beast."—Pearson's Magazine.



Ethel Krake, Rock Springs

Our Little Folks

Patty and Her Patchwork

By Abigail Williams Burton

"NOBODY is nice to me," pouted Patty. She went out on the porch and slammed the screen-door behind her. The screen-door didn't like to slam. It liked to close quietly, the way Patty's mamma approved. So it sprang back and hit Patty on the heel.

"Everything is cross!" pouted Patty.

She sat on the step and began digging the floor with her fingernail. The floor didn't like being scratched. It was proud of its fresh coat of paint. So it ran a sliver into Patty's naughty finger.

"Everything hurts me!" wailed Patty.

She put her finger into her mouth and went down the walk. By the pansy-bed she began kicking the ground. Now the pansy-bed had all its pretty plants tucked under their covers. It didn't like to be kicked. So it sent the dirt flying into Patty's face.

"You're horrid to me!" cried Patty.

She ran over to the apple tree and began shaking it. The apple tree was old and dignified, much too old and too dignified to be shaken by a little girl. So it flung a green apple at Patty's head.

"And you're horrid, too!" cried Patty.

She picked up the apple and threw it at the pump. The pump was standing quietly in its place. Of course it didn't like being hit in the spout! So it bounced the apple back at Patty and hit her in the nose.

My goodness, indeed! It was surprising where all the hurt came from. Don't tell me that it all grew in one apple!

"Oh! Oh!" wept Patty.

She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief. And she pricked her finger!

But how could any little girl prick her finger on a pocket?"

I'll tell you. Instead of finishing her sewing and putting it away, as she should have done, Patty was hiding her patchwork in her pocket! And the needle saw to the pricking. That was the reason the needle had an eye, if you ask Patty!

"Ouch!" said Patty. "Ouch!"

She stamped as she said it—right in the pan of water that was waiting for the birds to come and bathe. The pan didn't like being stamped in—and I'm sure I don't blame it, do you? So it tipped up on its edge—and upset Patty—and upset the water on Patty—and upset itself upside down over Patty!

And then—would you believe it?—why—

Patty began to laugh! She couldn't help it.

It seemed so funny to be bathing in the water that was meant for the birds! And though there was

plenty for a big-bird-bath, there wasn't nearly enough for a little-girl-bath!

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Patty.

She straightened the pan on the ground and sat on it. You'd be surprised to find what a fine seat it made.

"He! He!" giggled Patty.

She wiped her eyes with the patchwork—after she had taken out the needle of course. And the patchwork was delighted to dry such pretty eyes. For it was pretty, too—all pink and white, with the cunningest tiny stitches, and more stitches waiting to be made as cunning and as tiny—only you couldn't see them yet!

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Patty.

She found the needle and took the splinter out of her finger. The needle was delighted to help! Even more than it enjoyed taking tiny stitches, did it enjoy taking out splinters for Patty. That was the real reason it had an eye, if you ask me!

"Oh, ho!" cried Patty.

She skipped to the pump for a drink. The pump was delighted to be called upon by Patty. So it poured out for her its coldest and clearest water.

Not to be outdone, the apple tree shook down a ripe red apple at her feet. It was delighted to have its best apple eaten by Patty!

From their bed the pansies waved to her to come and gather them. Hadn't they grown for her? And weren't they delighted to be picked up by her happy fingers?

"Now," cried Patty gaily, "I'm going to finish my patchwork!"

And if you had watched, you would have seen those other stitches that were waiting come flying into place, all as cunning and as tiny as even Patty could wish. The needle went ahead in fine style and drew after it the dainty white thread. And that, if you ask the needle, was the reason it had an eye!

"Everybody is nice to me!" sang Patty.

A Memorial to "Uncle Remus"

For the good are always the merry

Save by an evil chance

And the merry love to fiddle

And the merry love to dance.

—The Fiddler of Dooney.

I WANTED to tell you about a memorial fireplace which is in the children's room of the Atlanta Carnegie Library. I've been calling it an "Uncle Remus" memorial but of course that isn't quite right because "Uncle Remus" isn't dead. He's going on and on telling tales about Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox

and Brer Bear. But the man who first told us about Uncle Remus is dead, and since December ninth is the anniversary of his birthday it is celebrated every year as Joel Chandler Harris' Day in the library of his home city, with a program of his stories. And all the children go. Sometimes as many as five hundred of them crowd into the room in which is this wonderful fireplace.

You see Joe Chandler Harris' love for children was proverbial. He could never have written such by-children-enjoyed stories if he hadn't understood them.

So when the Atlanta library was built, the librarian, who knew Mr. Harris very well asked that the fireplace in the children's room be made to depict scenes from the "Uncle Remus" stories. This was done and Brer Rabbit stands right on the top with Robert L. Stevenson's

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we all should be happy as kings."

carved in huge letters as a motto; then all around the fire box are blue and white tile scenes showing "Uncle Remus" telling stories to "Little Boy." And Brer Rabbit fishing. And Brer Fox playing tricks. And Brer Bear at the well. And the race up the hill.

Children's rooms in libraries are very wonderful places but I'm quite sure there are few others as lovely as that in Atlanta.

News About All of Us

Reliance

Reliance friends are extending their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sisk in the death of the aged mother of Mrs. Sisk who passed away on December 10th.

Z. A. Portwood has been a patient at Wyoming General Hospital.

Reliance has had rather more than an interesting share of the prevalent flu. Just now the following are among those confined to the house: Mr. and Mrs. Mack Green and son; Frank Zelenka and children; Robert Uhren, Gertrude Burns, Gust Panos, Wallace Dupape, Merlyn Robertson, Mary Lou Korogi, A. L. Zeiher, W. S. Robertson and William Sisk.

Doris Dupont entertained a bevy of little friends for her birthday on December 12th.

Rachel Buckles has sprained her knee and is confined to her home.

Mrs. George Pryde of Rock Springs visited at the Kelley home on December 11th.

I. R. Halseth visited in Rock Springs over the week-end of December 8th.

The basketball game played here Tuesday night, Decem-



Mary Lou Korogi is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Korogi, Reliance.



Billie and Francis Tolzi, children of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tolzi, Reliance.

ber 11th, between the Wildcats of Rock Springs and the Reliance High School team was won by the Wildcats, the score being 17 to 9. Members of the Rock Springs team were: Taucher, forward; Angelovic, guard; Marushack, guard; Parks, center; Larrabaster, sub forward; and Travis, sub.

Superior

G. W. Hiles received a bad fracture of the leg in "E" Mine which resulted in his removal to the Wyoming General Hospital at Rock Springs.

Miss Bessie Nugent is recovering from a bad case of small-pox, as is Ray Hiner.

Word was received here by relatives of the birth of a baby son to Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Riedesel at Laramie on the 11th of November. Mrs. Riedesel was formerly Miss Emily Dods and lived in Superior.

Dr. Robt. Sanders and Alphonse Bertagnolli made a business trip to Kemmerer during the month.

Frank Menghini received injuries in "C" Mine which necessitated his removal to the hospital at Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wylam were called to Denver on account of the illness of their daughter, Veva. She is recovering and expects to accompany her mother home. Miss Veva is a student nurse in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Genetti of South Superior have the sympathy of their friends in the death of their thirteen year old daughter, Lena. Funeral services were held at Rock Springs on Thanksgiving Day.

Andrew Hood was slightly injured when he was struck by a car in the fog, which was unusual for our part of the country.

Mrs. G. A. Brown entertained the Altar Society at the Community Club House. Bridge was the diversion of the afternoon and high score was made by Mrs. A. Bertagnolli. Refreshments were enjoyed at the afternoon's close.

Mesdames R. Russell and Charles Dean entertained their bridge club at the Community House. Mrs. Rud Robinson and Harry Wylam won first prizes; Mrs. Wylam and Robert Guy second; Mrs. A. Bertagnolli and Rud Robinson, the consolation and Miss A. Stine the guest prize.

The Ladies' Aid held their annual bazaar and dinner at the Community Club House early in November. There was a lovely display of needlework. The beautiful luncheon set of cut work made and won by Mrs. A. Bertagnolli was turned back to the society by her and became the property of Mrs. Knudsen. Mrs. Joe Mettam won the pillow.

Arthur Ward was on the sick list during the month.

Frank (Pat) O'Connell, who is a patient at the Government Hospital for World War veterans at Denver, is recovering but slowly. He has been there about fourteen weeks. His many friends will be glad when he is able to be home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh are the proud parents of a baby girl born at Evanston late in November.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter are rejoicing over the arrival of a son born at the Dee Hospital at Ogden.

Mrs. Ellen McLeod and Thos. and James Mullen attended the funeral of Frank Taylor at Park City, Utah.

Mrs. C. A. Sheets and Mrs. M. A. Hansen were called to Salt Lake City on account of the death of a relative.

Word was received by relatives from Carlsbad, California, of the illness of Nie Mettam. A year ago it became necessary for Nie to give up his business here and move to California for his health, and his friends are sorry to know that he is again quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hagenstein are home from Pinedale, Mr. Hagenstein having been in the bank there for several months.

Mrs. Chas. Morgan was called to Evanston to be with her mother who is seriously ill.

Pete Nelson is off work with an injured hand.

Rock Springs

Mrs. Jennie Stewart has recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Overy, Jr., are the proud parents of a baby son, born Sunday, November 11th.

James Pryde is seriously ill, at his home at No. 3, with an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. James Whalen has moved his family here from Hanna. Mr. Whalen has accepted the position of night foreman at No. 8 Mine.

Mrs. Elijah Daniels, who recently underwent a major operation at the Wyoming General Hospital, is now rapidly recovering and has returned to her home in the Barracks.

Robert Muir and family have gone to Southern California where they expect to spend the winter.

Thomas Rodda, of Hanna, is visiting at the home of his brother, W. J. Rodda.

Urban Toucher, who is a student at the University of Wyoming, spent the Thanksgiving holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Urban Toucher, Sr.

Mrs. F. L. McCarty and daughter, Carol, have returned from a visit with relatives in Evanston.

Mrs. Dan Kelley, of Bitter Creek, is seriously ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Robertson, on No. 1 Hill.

J. E. Jones, Anthony Behring and Arthur Clegg have returned from Green River, where they have been serving on the jury the past week.

Gus Kahus, who was injured in No. 8 Mine, in October, has now recovered and returned to work.

Clara, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Crofts, is confined to her home with an attack of scarlet fever.

Carl J. Carlson is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, where he is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Anthony Ramsey, John Retford, H. L. Mooney and Thos. Overy, Sr., are all confined to their homes with the flu.

Mark Krichbaum is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital where he underwent a minor operation.



Mrs. Tony Ritson, Rock Springs, and little Miss Mary Ritson.

Hanna

The High School Boosters Club gave a novelty dance at Love's Dance Hall on Saturday, November 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Whalen and family have moved to Rock Springs where Mr. Whalen has accepted a position.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Benedict, niece of Mrs. O. C. Buehler, and Foster Coleman took place in Denver on November 18th. Best wishes are extended to the newlyweds.

St. Margaret's Guild held their annual dance for the benefit of the Cathedral Home for Children at Laramie, on Friday, November 30th.

The Pythian Sisters Lodge had general roll call at their meeting on Monday, November 26th. About sixty members were present and after the business meeting a delicious lunch was served.

The Hanna KLZ, Just Kids Musical Club, broadcasted over Radio Station KFBU at Laramie on Friday evening, November 23rd.

Mrs. L. A. Rogers and children of Winton are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lucas.

The Senior Girl Scouts First Aid Team gave a surprise waffle supper for their instructor, Thos. Lucas, at his home, on Thursday, November 22nd.

The Episcopal and Methodist churches held union Thanksgiving services at the M. E. Church on Thanksgiving morning.

The Eagle Lodge held their nineteenth annual dance on Saturday, December 1st.

Harry Lyons, bookkeeper at the store, left for Winton on Friday, November 30th, where he accepted the position of store manager.

Funeral services for Matt Nelson of Difficulty were held in St. Mark's Episcopal church on Monday, December 3rd, and interment made in the Hanna cemetery.

Mrs. Sam Crawshaw received word of the sudden death of her mother Mrs. Draper at Edmonton, Canada.

Jim Bill Case, Bruce Bailey and "Frenchie" Ducoin left on Sunday, December 2nd, for Salt Lake to join the United States Navy.

The Tuesday Bridge Club was entertained by Mrs. Winfield Scott at her home at Medicine Bow on December 12th. Those who attended from Hanna were: Mesdames F. E. Ford, Henry Jones, B. V. McDermott, J. R. Cummings, Lynn Smith, O. C. Buehler, I. Sheratt, J. Pearson, H. Challenger. Prizes were won by Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Scott.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church held their annual bazaar in the First Aid Hall on December 15th.

The Junior Class of the High School gave the play "Am I Intruding" in the theatre on Saturday, December 15th.

A social was given by the Hanna Band for members and their families on Saturday, December 8th, in the First Aid Hall. Supper was served at 7:30 o'clock after which the following program was given:

Vocal Solo—"Sonny Boy".....John Lee Jr.

Piano accompaniment by Mrs. John Lee, Sr.

Recitation—"Bedtime in Summer".....Donna Jean Jones

Piano Duet—"Flying Doves".....Beth Lee and Dorothy Brindley

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Recitation—"Golden Keys".....Ruth Milliken
 Violin solo—"With Muted Strings"....Doris Sherratt
 Piano solo—"Waltz" from Faust....Evelyn Brindley
 Violin solo—"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose".....
Bert Tavelli
 Vocal solo—"Sunshine in Rainbow Valley".....
John Lee, Sr.
 Piano accompaniment by Mrs. John Lee, Sr.

The program was followed by a dance, music being furnished by two orchestras composed of: Bert Tavelli, violin; I. Sherratt, cornet; Eric Lepponen, piano; Wm. Milliken, drums; and Mrs. Winchell, piano; Mr. Winchell, violin; Hugh Brindley, cornet; Robt. Miliken, drums and Mark Johnson, saxophone.

Winton

A welcome is extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hansen who have been transferred here from Reliance, Mr. Hansen being our new material clerk.

Harry Lyons, formerly of Hanna, is our new store manager.

Mrs. Ben Butler entertained at cards on Wednesday afternoon, December 5th.

Mr. Geo. Ernsbarger, Assistant Master Mechanic, made a business trip to Philadelphia recently.

Thyrell Toy and Irene Benson helped at the store during the holidays.

Winton schools had to close for a short time during the flu epidemic.

Winton extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Bert Robbins and Mrs. Leonard Fisher in the death of their mother, Mrs. Charles Warren.

Mr. Munroe Ownby is recovering from an operation performed at Wyoming General Hospital.



A
Happy
and
Prosperous
New Year
To All



FIRST SECURITY BANK
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THE AGE-OLD EXPRESSION—



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CONVEYS BUT MILDLY OUR APPRECIATION
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 PATRONAGE WHICH WE HAVE ENJOYED
 AND HOPE TO RETAIN. IN KEEPING WITH
 THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON, WE SINCERELY
 HOPE YOU HAD A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
 AND WISH YOU A MOST HAPPY AND PROS-
 PEROUS NEW YEAR

Washington Union Coal Company Store
 TONO, WASHINGTON

Mrs. Kate Warriner of Rock Springs visited with Mrs. Rae Dodds during December.

Dorothy Henderson entertained at a beautifully appointed birthday party on December 8th. Everybody had a jolly time after congratulating the little hostess.

Fred Graf spent Christmas with his parents, Doctor and Mrs. Witte of Omaha.

Mrs. Ben Card and Miss Viola Legge spent the holidays with their parents in Mississippi.

Gunther Zeppernick has gone to Germany, travelling by way of California and the Panama Canal.

This community extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Joe Liddell and Billy in their sad loss in the death of Joe Liddell who, with his family, had been a resident of Winton for seven years.



The young folks who recently attended the birthday party of Bennie and Boyd Butler of Winton.

Tono

The entire community of Tono gathered at the Club House on the evening of November 24th for a farewell party in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin, who are leaving Tono soon. Five hundred was the diversion for the evening, with 15 tables in play. Prizes were given to Mrs. Bert Holmes and Mr. Ed. Cook, first; Mrs. Jack Grim and Fred Planeta, second; and Miss Ezzlin McBratney and Mr. Tom Warren, third. Refreshments were served to 65 guests, after which a beautiful chest of silver was presented to the honor guests with the compliments of the community of Tono. Mrs. Bert Holmes presented the gift in a pleasing manner and Mr. and Mrs. Rankin responded suitably.

Miss Gladys Mardicott, who is staying for the school term at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reid Conrad at Centralia spent Thanksgiving week-end at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott.

Miss Ida Johnson of Tumwater and Miss Fay Johnson of Tenino were home over the Thanksgiving holidays.

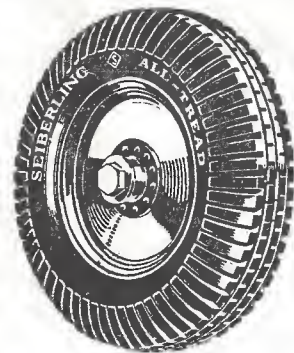
Among the parties for the month was one Saturday evening, December 1st, when Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson entertained for a group of friends at their home. Cards were played with prizes going to Mrs. James Sayce and Henry Brierley, first; and Mrs. Brierley and Mr. Wesley French, second. At midnight supper was served from a banquet style table which was centered by a huge bowl of bronze chrysanthemums. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. James Sayce, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brierley, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley French, Henry Becker, Harry Waite and Miss Myrtle Brierley.

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Phone 7 ROCK SPRINGS

Monday, November 19th, will always be a red letter day in the memory of Mr. C. V. Rankin for on this day he was honor guest at a farewell banquet at the Hotel Olympian at Olympia, which had been arranged for by the employees of

the Tono store. At this time he was presented with a beautiful pen and pencil set from the group present who were: John Maki, Miss Sylvia Revel, Henry Becker, Patrick Corcoran, Horace Eggler and John Schuck. Mr. Rankin has been manager of the Tono store for more than five years and both he and his family leave a host of friends who join in wishing them happiness and success in their new location.

One of the social events of the past month was a very pretty party at the home of Mrs. Fred Planeta, when Mrs. Planeta entertained at bridge. Her home was decorated in fall flowers and ferns. Honors for the evening went to Mrs. Perry Richardson, Mrs. Bert Holmes and Mrs. John Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Boardman entertained on Thanksgiving evening for Mr. and Mrs. Todd Dove, and small Evonne; and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dove and Master Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hale and sons, Billy and Donald, spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Mrs. Hale's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson at Seattle.

Eli Ring is still on the sick list and unable to work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barber have been having remodeling work done on their home. A new room has been added adjoining the dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cowell and small daughter, Alice Beverly, were dinner guests on Sunday, December 2nd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hann, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tamblin, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Davis, Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Boardman, have all had new radios installed.

The Bible Class has started its regular classes again and meets every Tuesday evening. Everyone interested is cordially invited.

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BEST CIGARS,
ALL KINDS GINGER ALES

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handle the best.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grimm, Miss Elaine and Johnny spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Grimm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Swanson at South Prairie.

Miss Wilma Glover, Miss Grace McCullough and Miss Dorothy Arnell, Tono teachers, spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Seattle.

Little Yvonne Dove suffered a severely bruised arm when she accidentally caught it in a washing machine wringer.

Mrs. James Corcoran was a pleasing hostess Tuesday, December 11th, when she entertained at a bridge party. Honors for the evening went to Mrs. John Isaacson, Mrs. Bert Holmes and Mrs. Perry Richardson.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Community Club was held, presided over by the president, Mrs. Dave Davis. Refreshments were served by the following committee: Mrs. William Barber, Mrs. Pat Barrett and Mrs. Bert Boardman.

Mrs. Jack Grimm and Mrs. William Hann were joint hostesses at the Club House for members of the First Aid Club. Marigolds and ferns were used effectively for decorations and the evening was spent in playing games. After the usual routine of business and first aid practice, refreshments were served at a long banquet table centered with a huge brass bowl of marigolds.

Abe Howard has returned from the hospital but is not able to return to his work for a few days.

Miss Helen Maki of Portland is visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Johnson.

National book week was observed at the Tono Public Library by a generous display from the J. K. Gills library supply department. In the afternoon tea was served by the librarians, Mrs. E. C. Way and Mrs. Bert Boardman. Several new books for children as well as popular fiction for the rental shelf were purchased.

Have you been a Blue Bird hostess or been entertained as a Blue Bird guest? If you haven't you have missed the time of your life. Blue Bird entertainments are the vogue; the past month's calendar was filled to capacity.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Olsen of Seattle spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson.

The contract for the doctor and hospital was voted upon last month and was again given to Dr. Paul Sweet of the St. Lukes Hospital, Centralia.

Friends of George Hill were sorry to learn of his accident by a fall of coal. Mr. Hill belongs to the Tono Band and has many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boardman and little Miss Lorain of Portland were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Boardman.

The Tono school gave a play November 22nd at the Tono Hall. Proceeds will be used for a small phonograph for the school.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Messinger and family from Winton, Wyoming, have moved to Tono.

Cumberland

Mrs. Archie Buchanan has been called to Coalville, Utah, word having reached her that her mother, Mrs. Chappell, had passed away Saturday, December 8th. Mrs. Chappell was ninety-two years of age.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter has been very ill but is slowly improving.

Miss Thelma Dexter is improving after her severe attack of pneumonia.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hutchinson on the 27th of November.

Mrs. David Miller and family received the sad news that her grandson, Crompton, had been killed while sleigh riding in Evanston, Wyoming. The lad was just ten years of age and had been coasting with a chum when they were unavoidably struck by an automobile. Both boys died almost instantly.

Mrs. Nick Sutler and Mrs. Lew Tucker have entertained

(Continued on page 36)

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important factor contributing to industrial
progress and better standards of living.]*

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Rock Springs, Wyoming



I am The Office Duster

And the finest bit of
parlor elocution I heard
during the Christmas
parties was by the cynic who re-
cited:

"What's that din?"

"Gunga."

New Year resolutions are the very
latest fashion—so what's yours!

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. James Bailey.

A. W. D.: "What's a bore anyway?"

Z. Y.: "Why a bore is the fellow who wants to tell about
his Christmas gifts when I want to tell about mine."

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.
—Frank Crane.

For sale or exchange: Seven ties in assorted colors.
—Most any man.

A colored preacher who was always getting his metaphors
mixed prayed once: "Oh, Lord! If there be one spark of
heavenly grace in our midst, we pray you to water it."

'Tis the human touch in the world that counts
The touch of your hand and mine.
It's worth far more to the fainting soul
Than shelter, or bread, or wine;
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts but for a day,
But the sound of the voice, and the touch of the hand
Live on in the soul away.

—Spencer M. Free.

God will not look you over for medals, degrees or diplo-
mas but for scars.

Robert Burns' birthday will soon be here and all the
Scots will find their way to Carl Carlson's entertainment.

▲ Poetic Competition For New Year

A prize was offered for the most polite verses to an old
(Continued on next page)

We wish you

*A Happy and
Prosperous
New Year*

*We want you to know how
heartily we appreciate the
confidence and good will ex-
pressed by you in the year
just closing.*

*To close our books without
saying "Thank You" for
the business entrusted to us
during the past year would
leave a debt unpaid.*

*We wish you and yours a
very Happy New Year filled
to overflowing with Health,
Happiness and Prosperity.*



McCurtain Motor Co.

A. L. McCurtain

DODGE BROTHERS AGENCY

Phone 601

ROCK SPRINGS

I Am the Office Duster

(Continued from preceding page)

enemy wishing him an unhappy New Year. The prize winner wrote:

The Old Old Wish

I sit before the fire
And watch the embers glow,
And seem to see your face in them,—
And wish that it were so.

For I miss you more and more—
Cypress and laurel and rue—
I miss you much indeed, and wish
You might be missing too.

And so today believe
I think of you my friend,
And hope that with this New Year all
Your troubles have an end.

Deserves the prize, its purpose being as stated—doesn't it?

News About All of Us

(Continued from page 34)

the Sewing Club during the month. Mrs. Edward Bakka will be the next hostess.

The Relief Society of the L. D. S. Church held their annual bazaar and dance on December 1st.

Mrs. Ruth Ackerlund has been visiting at the home of Mrs. James Reese at Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Wm. Cook, Sr. and family spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Walter Goddard at Winton, Wyoming.



Any Cumberlander, or former Cumberlander, whose vacation takes him near Tono, Washington, is sure to find his way there and to the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Way, once of Cumberland, Wyoming. Here's "Deacon" Pitchford of Rock Springs visiting.

Pedigreed

"And you say you guarantee these canaries?"

"Guarantee them? Why, madam, I raised them from canary seed!"—Brown Jug.

Receptivity

About a week after having installed a radio set a man happened one night to be in the bedroom while his little son, aged about 5, was saying his prayers and this is what the father heard:

"And please God make me a good boy—It's Harold Jones announcing, and I'll be on the air again tomorrow night at 7:30."—Frivols and Flutters.

Seasonal— Greetings



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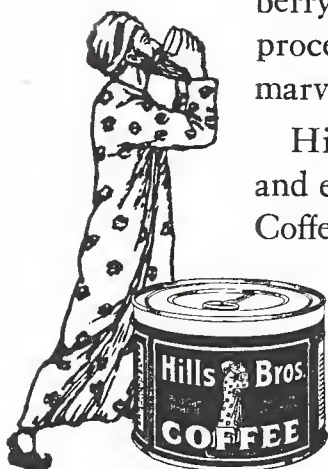
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something hot to drink



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their coffee an exclusive
flavor.*

Look for the Arab! It's the sign of the genuine Hills Bros. Coffee. *That famous coffee*, uniformly delicious because every berry is roasted evenly by Hills Bros.' exclusive continuous process. No ordinary method of roasting could produce such a marvelous, full-bodied flavor.

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opened with the key.*

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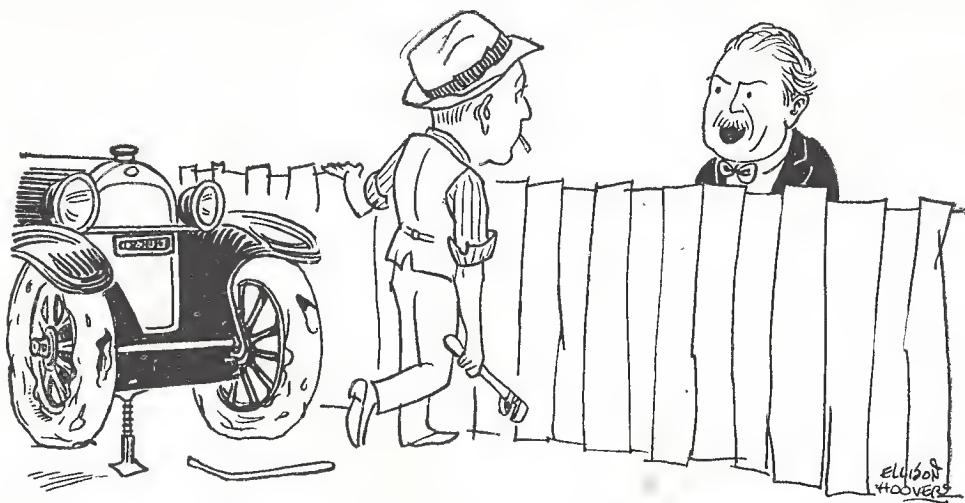
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Wishing You

*A Happy and Prosperous
 New Year*



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Back Yard Economics

There's a lot of good sense passed out in the back lot.

That's where you get real dope about politics and the ball team—and tires.

When your neighbor says "buy USCO Balloons," he knows.

USCO Balloons are all sold with the full warranty of the United States Rubber Company.

They are good tires—and good bargains.

Look over the prices—then come in and judge for yourself.



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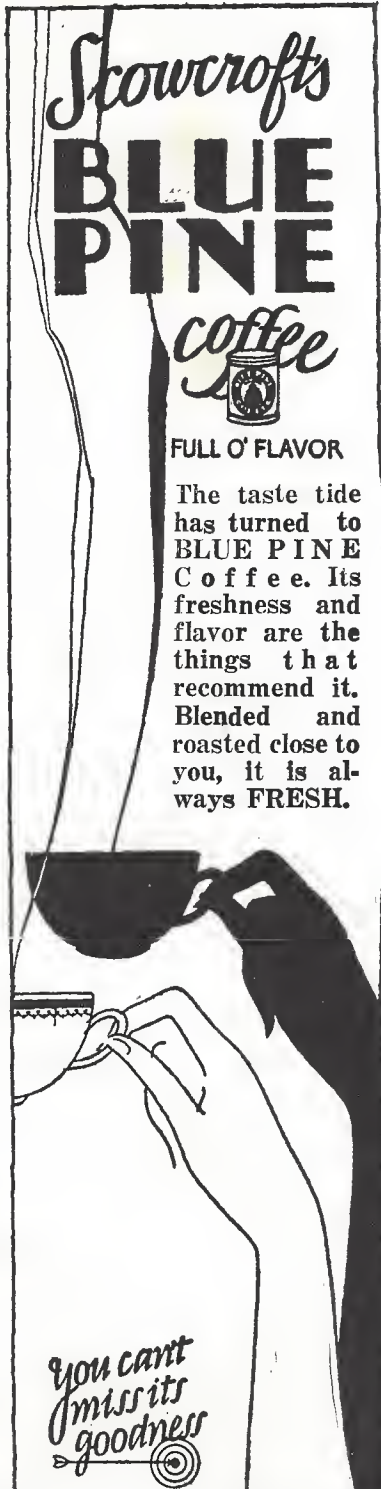
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